

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1917.

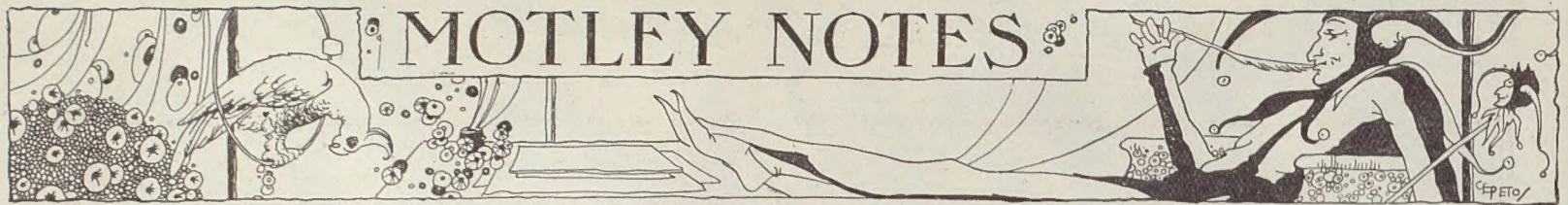
SEVENPENCE.



ROSE TRELAWNY AGAIN: MISS IRENE VANBRUGH, WHO IS APPEARING IN THE REVIVAL OF "TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS," AT THE NEW THEATRE.

It was at the Court Theatre, in 1898, that Miss Irene Vanbrugh was first seen in Sir Arthur Pinero's delightful comedy, "Trelawny of the Wells," and the character of Rose Trelawny, as sustained by the young actress, was very attractive. The passing of the years has not robbed Miss Vanbrugh of her girlish charm, and has emphasised her fine sense of comedy; her hosts of admirers have welcomed her

reappearance in the part. The present cast includes Mr. William Farren, Mr. E. M. Robson, Mr. Ben Webster, Mr. W. G. Fay, Miss Hilda Trevelyan, Miss Nina Sevensing, Mr. Dion Boucicault, Miss May Whitty, Miss Pollie Emery, and other clever players, and the revival has won delighted approval from both the old and the new school of playgoers.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

A Shilling a Week for a Wife.

All the rumours to the effect that the Women's Cause would be solved by the War are true. The new Budget, I understand—writing a week before publication—will settle the mighty problem once and for all. Woman has been decided by Act of Parliament—or, as before, will be—to be worth her weight in copper.

The bachelor will not pay more, but the married man will pay less. The married man who earns, say, five pounds a week will save exactly thirteenpence a week by virtue of being married. Here you have a striking official tribute to the holy state of matrimony. Had the married man been allowed a rebate of one pound a week, or fifteen shillings, or even ten shillings, the lot of the bride-to-be would have been pitiable in the extreme. She would have been dubbed "Little Save-Quid," or words to that effect, and the implication would have been unpleasant.

As it is, however, nobody can complain. The married man cannot complain: he is to be saved thirteenpence a week in respect of his wife. The wife cannot complain, for no man would marry a woman for the sake of thirteenpence a week. And the bachelor cannot complain, for he stands just where he did. Oh, wise judge! Oh, clever Mr. Bonar Law!

In the meantime, the professional man continues to pay out of all proportion. His only hope of escape is to cultivate the popular art of thriftlessness.

Strange! "Chequers is old; Chequers is beautiful; Chequers is English. During the past few hospitable years its value as a week-end resort has been tested by many a worried Minister and politician, over-worked editor, and over-driven public man. There has been high and eager talk in the hall, in the lovely gardens, among the woods and hills."

Very pleasant. Very pleasant and comfortable indeed. And yet one may be allowed to wonder, quite idly, how it is that all the best prizes in this country go to the politicians? An occasional soldier or so is made comfortable for his declining years; the huge majority eke out a very modest income as best they may. An occasional sailor, no doubt, retires with riches as well as honours. But what happens to such folk as authors, painters, musicians, clergymen, doctors, schoolmasters, architects, barristers? Are they entirely negligible? Does their work count for *nothing* in the eyes of the community?

It is excellent that politicians should wax rich and fat and titled. It is excellent that a Member of the House of Commons should have eight pounds a week for the trouble of dining at the House of Commons for a very small sum, napkin included. All that is good. But what have the rest of us done that we should *always* be left out in the cold?

Fathers, if ye desire rich meats and high places for these your sons, get them into Parliament. If, on the other hand, ye don't—well, you must use your own judgment.

National Service Once Again.

The new National Service gentlemen have already hit upon some particularly brainy ideas. I read with great interest, for example, that "no volunteer will be enrolled until there is an explicit demand for his services, and until there is an occupation which he can fill."

I forget the old idea of National Service, but I rather fancy they wanted to enlist everybody on earth, except our enemies, and then jab a fork into the writhing bunch when a job of work turned up that had to be done. The writhing bunch, in the meantime, would be useless for any of the ordinary functions of everyday life, being paralysed with expectation of receiving the next jab.

The new method is certainly brighter. You get your job of work, and you then look about for somebody to do it. You may or may not find the right person, but you are pretty sure to find *somebody* if you look hard enough, and that somebody will probably do the job—if it is not already done.

These two clauses, by the way, should be read in conjunction. They will give you food for thought these autumnal nights—

(1) "The enrolment of National Service Volunteers will cease, and those who have been enrolled and have not been transferred to work of national importance *will be released* from their obligations."

(2) "Aliens will continue to be enrolled as National Service Volunteers, and those who have already been enrolled *will not be released* from the obligations which they have undertaken."

If you are an alien, therefore, work will be forced upon you; if you are a Britisher, you may possibly whistle for work of national importance until the end of the war. Is that the meaning? Or have I, all unwittingly, read the clauses awrong?



A "LEAD" IN "CASH ON DELIVERY," AT THE PALACE: MISS GWENDOLINE BROGDEN (MRS. BASIL FOSTER); WITH HER LITTLE DAUGHTER.

It was arranged that the new musical comedy, "Cash on Delivery," should be produced at the Palace on Saturday, Oct. 13. Miss Gwendoline Brogden is taking a leading part in it.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

And Another Old Friend.

Another old friend has come to the front for the hundredth time, namely,

Divorce Reform. This is such a splendid time for reforming anything and everything—you may have heard that the "world is in the melting-pot"—that we may hope, I suppose, to get Divorce Reform at least one pace forward. The present proposal, I gather, immediately affects about 1,000,000 people. Which shows how careless children of all ages are about this question of marriage.

Nothing, perhaps, is quite so casually managed as the marriage business. "Here's a church—let's get married" is the sober and actual method of—well, thousands of marriages every year. To get married is the easiest way of winning the approval of the whole community. The bridegroom is a hero and the bride is a heroine—for nearly twenty-four hours. Then they become a nuisance with their stories of mild honeymoon adventures and dull snapshots. The community is waiting, open-mouthed, for the next affair.

But this is an endless topic. After the war, I must write a few books about it.

AN OBJECT - LESSON.



THE HEN (after an experiment in poultry culture at the "Zoo.") : That's the last time I sit on a dozen "assorted eggs."

DRAWN BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



The Bourgeois of Birmingham.

Lovers of the New—very new—Art will find delight in the exhibition now held at the Mansard Gallery at Heal and Sons', in Tottenham Court Road. Mr. Roger Fry, of such versatile talent, the head and soul of the Omega Workshop in Fitzroy Square, has selected and arranged all the pictures. Before this they have been on view at Birmingham for two months, and created "some indignation and interest," to quote Mr. Fry himself. The Exhibition opened on the 8th, and will last till the 26th. It is composed of works by McKnight Kauffer, Mark Gertler, Nina Hammet, Duncan Grant, Frederick Etchells, Dolores Courtney, A. Dorain, Henri Doucet, Othon Friesz, Juan Gris, Maria Guthierrez, Roald Kristian, A. Lhote, Marchand Thiesson, C. Villette, De Vlaminck, and several striking works of Roger Fry; while the small gallery is entirely devoted to water-colours and drawings by McKnight Kauffer.



"You've got to fill up that paper if you want to be of my court!"

at the Leicester Gallery opened on the 5th, has been up to town on leave for a week. He was looking very fit in his khaki uniform, whose shiny buttons had been polished by the same thumbs that fashioned the nose of his Venus! The great sculptor has lost weight, but is in splendid spirit, and finds the 38th Fusiliers a particularly jolly regiment to be in. Colonel Paterson is evidently quite a favourite.

Profiles and Personalities.

Though there is nothing especially remarkable in the twenty-seventh annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait-Painters, opened at the Grafton Galleries on Oct. 6, there is much to interest lovers of portrait-painting. The very fact of one hundred and seventy-two people looking out from the walls, and expressive of the ideas of eighty-five artists, is in itself arresting. A few of them speak subtly, some bizarrely, many commonplace, and several so obviously that they hit you flatly between the eyes. Mr. J. J. Shannon has six portraits: Mrs. Loeffler, Mrs. Shannon, Lady Tata (beautiful and barbaric in black and gold), Lady Lee (rather melancholy-looking),



FOOD HOGS, TAKE NOTE!
"If the voluntary appeal for economy fails, he (Lord Rhondda) would, without hesitation, have to apply compulsory rationing in this country."

Jeby, son of Captain Keigwin, and the Hon. Mrs. Vickers (the most successful of the lot). Mr. John Lavery contributes two: Mrs. Hirst and Mrs. Menzies. Mr. Hugh Riviere's "Freda Riviere," a study in yellow, and "Owen Nares" are pleasing; also Hugh Glazebrook's portraits of Mrs. Thornton and her son, of Signore Galeota, and of the late Hubert Henry Davies and his brother Edgar. Maurice Greiffenhagen's "Miss Esfa Myers" is brilliantly bizarre; Oswald Birley's "Lady in Black" heavily-lidded and mysterious. Two excellent Japanese portraits arrested me—"Professor Kawanzoi" and "Kengo Mori, Esq.," a face shining with intelligence,

by the psychologist-artist Kazunori Ishibashi. Two crayons by Miss Lilian K. Tuke, "Henry Ainley" and "Mrs. Harvey," are individual. Lewis Baumer's crayons in grey and pink, "Mrs. Lewis Baumer" and "Betty," are delicately refined; William Ranken's two water-colour sketches of the head of Georges Carpentier—profile and full face—are virile. That intrepid boy Carpentier, by the way, is now a poor man. The money he made was invested, I hear, in the coal-mines which were grabbed by the Germans.



ANNOUNCER OF A MUTINY IN THE GERMAN NAVY: ADMIRAL VON CAPELLE, GERMAN MINISTER OF MARINE.

Photograph by C.N.

which proved highly effective. Among the most successful or interesting exhibits are "The Late James Edwards, Esq.," of Alsager, and "Surgeon-Probationer H. V. Edwards, R.N.V.R.," by Miss Mabel Edwards; "Orme, the Young Son of Captain Ashton, D.S.O. (Welsh Guards)," in hunting jacket, by Miss N. Hepburn-Edmunds; a demure little Puritan maid seated on a pillow, "Josephine Jane," by Miss Annie Underwood; a group of six miniatures, including the "Marquess and Marchioness of Downshire," by Mrs. A. E. Rosalie M. Emslie; "A Native of Ceylon," an interesting nude by Frank Scott; "Master Alexander Chinnery-Haldane," by Mrs. Edith M. Hinckley; "The late Lieut. R. H. P. Pease, Coldstream Guards," boyishly frank, and "Marie Jeanne," with two long braids, by Victor Wyatt Burnand; "A Damsel of the Blue Nile," by Mrs. Wirifred M. N. Brunton; and the "Portrait of a Boy" (No. 111) by Mrs. Mary Muckle. Charles Spencelargh exhibits four genre scenes painted with Dutch fidelity of detail.

The Fair and the Fowls!

The charming ballet, "La Fille Mal Gardée"—who, methinks, was too well guarded!—is still filling the Coliseum. Lydia Kyasht is as light, fresh, and *piquante* as an eighteenth-century vignette. All the other dancers—Mme. Elise Clerc, Alex. Goudin, J. Maryon, and M. Alexandroff—are excellent. The play itself has a charming naïveté, with an accuracy of detail rare in a ballet. But (this *en passant*) why should the country girls be dressed in exactly the same dress—or had the village draper only that mauve stuff in stock? Fowls figure largely on the menu—programme, I mean—at the Coliseum. In "La Fille Mal Gardée" they afford Mlle. Lydia Kyasht some pretty steps as she distributes grain to her hens; while in "My America," the Irish Players' sketch, more hens roam at will proudly on the stage, as if they were the cocks of the walk!



A NEW GAME FOR THE SMALL BOYS: TESTING UNCLE'S TIN HAT.

"Miniatures" of Merit.

The term "miniature" is applied in its broadest sense at the twenty-second annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, which opened on Oct. 5 at the Grafton Galleries. It is used to include almost anything small, from four water-colour landscapes by Cyril Saunders Spackman to a triptych in stained wood and gesso by Miss Hilda Joyce Pocock. While this definition may increase the interest to the general public, it detracts from the real merit of the exhibition. One hundred and sixty-three items by fifty-five artists are conveniently and tastefully arranged on a green velours ground in slightly tilted cases—a new method this year



ON VIEW AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES' EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT-PAINTERS: "LADY BURGH," BY ALFRED PRIEST.

Photograph by Paul Laib.



AND MOTHER: MR. IVOR NOVELLO, COMPOSER OF "KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING," ETC., ETC.

Mr. Novello, here seen with his mother, Mme. Novello Davies, the well-known voice-producer, has several numbers in "Arlette."

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Stars A-Shining. On Oct. 21 there will be a shining of stars at the Coliseum, a performance extraordinary in aid of the funds of the Press Club. Such artists as Ellen Terry, Arthur Bourchier, Dion Boucicault, Alice Delysia, Sir Edward Elgar, the Gresham Singers, Mark Hambourg, Nelson Keys, Lydia Kyasht, Vivian Foster, Violet Loraine, Alfred Lester, Grock, Leon Morton, R. G. Knowles, George Robey, and Irene Vanbrugh. So the thing should go splendidly.

Gina as a Blue-Beard Lady. Mlle. Gina Palermé has had a nasty recurrence of the attack of illness which kept her out of the Coliseum programme early in the summer. However, she tells me she



AT THE MANSARD GALLERY: Stampa speaks, on seeing No. 16. "Heavens! 'Still Life,' I must have my eyes tested again!"

has in mind for the near future a series of matinées in a special mime-play which opens on comic lines and ends on a tragic note, and in it you will see the fair Gina a-killing off her husbands one by one. Me for that! The play had a great success in Paris, and the dresses designed for the new production are charmingly fantastic.

Tableaux and a Painter.

The generations to come will account Mr. John Lavery famous for his Madonnas alone, for which his wife has been the model. I have seen her as several types of Madonna, and am anxious to glimpse her Botticelli Madonna, which she is going to do at the Palace Theatre on Oct. 30. Just at present she and Mr. Lavery are touring in the North of England. They have been seeing all the wonderful towns and works called into being by the war, for Mr. Lavery is doing official pictures. Some of the tableaux have already been much admired, at the Savoy Theatre last year for the Italian Matinée.



IN A MUNITION FACTORY: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL SPEAKING. BEHIND HIM IS HIS WIFE.

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Company.

With House Full. The coolness of Londoners over the air raids is illustrated by a remark I heard on the occasion of a daylight raid. "Now they have taken to giving us matinées," sighed the V.A.D., as she sheltered in a porch.

Christine Silver came along to the Lyceum Club to amuse some officers from hospital recently. I think she is quite wonderful, and so adaptable. I remember her Titania, a musical-comedy appearance; surprised her at a rehearsal of "Mrs. Dane's Defence," where she is the extremely complex modern lady; and then at our tea found her giving an ingénue recitation with a fan—she did it delightfully. There's versatility for you.

A Friend of Philosophers.

I met Stephen McKenna, the author of "Sonia" and "Ninety-Six Hours' Leave," recently. Tall, fair, and slim, he is a bird type. He is young, not yet in his thirties, and has written one of the cleverest novels I have read—"Sonia." He gets very little leisure for novel-writing now, for the work he is doing for the Government has steadily increased until it monopolises practically all his time. Two of his enthusiasms are Arthur James Balfour and H. G. Wells.

The "Gods" on Strike.

Edyth Goodall's mother had rather a fright one evening when Edyth was playing "Wild Heather" lately in a provincial town. "When

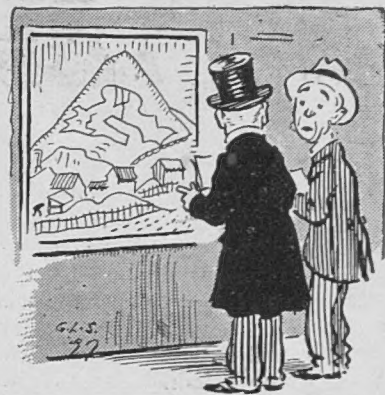
are yer goin' to strike?" asked one stage-hand to another as she passed. "Oh, Edyth, whatever will you do?—the stage-hands are talking of striking" were her first words when she got inside her daughter's dressing-room. Whereupon there came the ringing laugh that is the same "off" and "on," as Edyth explained that "strike" was a term for taking down scenery among stage hands.

Bubbling Over!

Love is busy at the Comedy Theatre. I hear an author is engaged to one of the leading ladies, and I hope the rumour is true. She is one of the most brilliant of young actresses, and very handsome—no, it is not Teddie Gerard this time.

Clever Understudies.

Mlle. Edmée Dormeuil, who is taking the leading part in "The Better 'Ole" at the Oxford, has been away on account of her health. During her absence her part (Victoire) is charmingly rendered by Miss Peggy Foster, whose acting and dancing are delightful. Miss Carrie Rose is most fascinating in the part of Berthe.



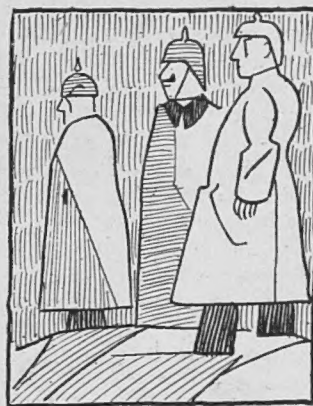
AT THE MANSARD GALLERY: BEFORE NO. 19 IN THE SMALL GALLERY.

The First Observer: "In my catalogue this is called 'The Park'; but they've scratched that out, and called it 'The Street.'" The Second: "I don't think they've guessed right yet."

Not Rose-Coloured.

"Isn't he a darling?" "Yes, he is an old dear."

The curtain had just gone down on Sir John Hare's "first farewell" performance in "A Pair of Spectacles," after he had told us, looking through his newly mended glasses, "I'd rather trust and be deceived than suspect and be mistaken." Wyndham's Theatre on that Saturday afternoon of Oct. 6 was packed to the street to see the childlike, trusting Benjamin Goldfinch transformed into the worldly-wise cynic by one day's wearing of his tight-fisted brother's spectacles. The mellowness of age makes Sir John even more charming now than when he first created the part so many years ago. Miss Mary Rorke and Mr. "Infallible" Du Maurier were indispensable. His voice quite failed him when he took the final curtain and began a little farewell speech. It was several seconds before he could control his emotions. His last word to us was the same as Mr. Lorimer gave to Percy Goldfinch when Percy asked for his daughter: "Hope!" Hope that he will not utterly forsake the stage, but will join the ranks of the perennially young with Miss Geneviève Ward, and continue to delight us with his perfect art.



AT THE MANSARD GALLERY: AN IMPRESSION OF ROGER FRY'S "GERMAN GENERAL STAFF," BY STAMPA.

Stampa's comment: "No wonder they write Hymns of Hate about us!"

Beau Monde at Brighton.

Amongst theatrical stars seen at the Metropole this week have been Arthur Bourchier, Ethel Levey (the latter has been playing to full house at the Brighton Hippodrome during the week), and the artistic and beautiful South African actress, Miss Dorothy Hanson, whose absence from the footlights during the last few months has been much deplored. Many Guardsmen are in Brighton, mostly convalescing—Captain Lawrence, Lieutenant Twining, Captain Lionel Ames. Also among Society sunning itself was Lady Abney, Lord Francis Hervey, Lord Fitzwarrine Chichester, Sir Lionel and Lady Darell. With the exception of a few hours' storm on Sunday, the weather has been perfect.



BACK IN HIS OFFICE AFTER HIS ADVENTUROUS TIME WITH ARMoured CARS IN RUSSIA: COMMANDER LOCKER-LAMPSON.

Photograph by Topical.

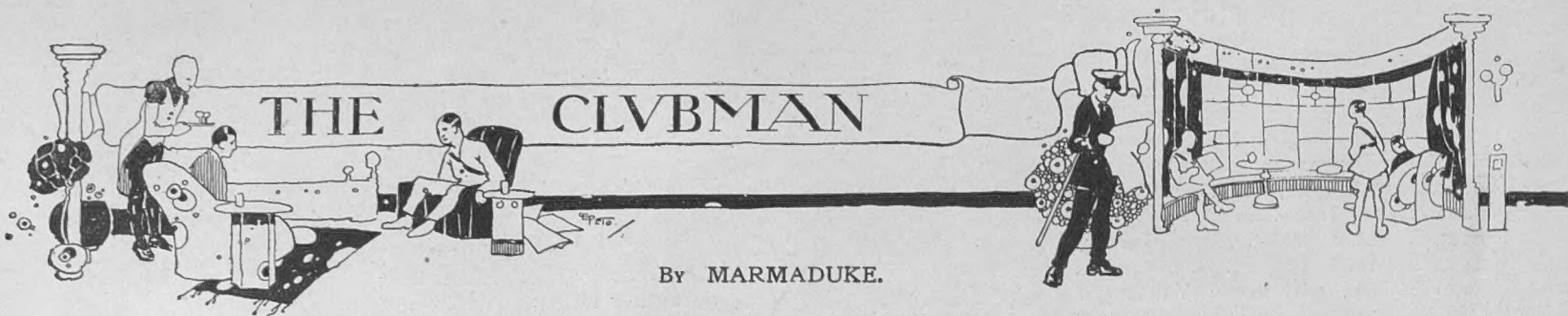


ACCORDING TO A PARAGRAPHIST: HOW FURS ARE TO BE WORN.

"In the Park yesterday, I saw a smartly dressed woman wearing a complete skin of a jackal." (Note: the Artist is quite sure that he has not drawn a jackal; he has gone further.)



ALLIES IN CONFERENCE: A GROUP OF DELEGATES AT A MEETING OF THE PERMANENT COMMITTEE ON PENSIONS—[Photograph by C.N.]



By MARMADUKE.

TO few indeed is given "the genius of the palate"! It has been said by one of the highest authorities of the day upon cooking that "Most men 'feed'; it is the burden of the invalid to eat 'intelligently'; to a mere handful is it reserved to eat 'intellectually'!" A celebrated wit of the early days of the nineteenth century refused every invitation to the country, explaining that it pained him "inexpressibly to be surrounded by fowl, fish, and fruit, most of which was doomed—to be ill-cooked!"

In the 'seventies and 'eighties of last century there had not yet been reached in England the comparatively high standard of cooking attained here now. There are in London, to-day, restaurants and private houses at which the fare equals in excellence that to be obtained at the best cafés in Paris in the most brilliant days of the Third Empire. The best cooks in England, forty years ago, were those in the service of the late Lord Granville, the late Mr. Henry Petre, of Berkeley Square, the late Mr. Henry Edwards, and the Lady Molesworth who, at the time, continually entertained King Edward and Queen Alexandra when Prince and Princess of Wales. The *chef* of Lord Granville reigned supreme with regard to sweets, that of Mr. Henry Petre with roasts, and the cook of Mr. Henry Edwards excelled at soups!

The distribution of talent mentioned recalls Sir W. G——, who was said literally to pursue each evening the various courses of his dinner! Belonging to several clubs at the West End—at one the soups being best, at another the roasts, and at a third the savouries—he would be driven to the three in succession, arriving at each precisely at the hour for which the particular dish was ordered!

The cook of Lady Molesworth enjoyed the highest reputation as an all-round "artist." For fully half-a-century now it has been generally assumed in this country that Englishmen and Englishwomen are no match for the French at cooking; it will therefore come as a revelation to many readers to learn that the most successful dinners given by Lady Molesworth were invariably cooked by an Englishwoman—or, whose services were, besides, only engaged for the occasion! Where is the *chef*, moreover, to be compared to a thoroughly experienced Scotswoman at the cooking of game?

So much attention was paid at certain houses in the 'seventies and 'eighties to the matter of cooking that at two or three of them no woman was ever invited to dinner; the whole conversation during the meal was confined to the discussion of the dishes and wine, and, at the conclusion, the *chef* would be summoned to the dining-room to reply to comments upon the performance! At one house there was always placed a slate beside each guest for criticisms!

The immediate predecessors of the present generation seldom dined but at home or at the club; no account of how the custom changed to that prevailing to-day has ever yet appeared in print—it will therefore be provided here. For years before the alteration there had been several cafés and restaurants in London that enjoyed much popularity in certain quarters—for instance, the Café Royal,

in Regent Street; Pagani's, in Great Portland Street, at which dined almost every night Carlo Pellegrini, the caricaturist, Paolo Tosti, the composer, and other well-known members of the Italian colony; Romano's, in the Strand; and the Solferino, in Rupert Street, which will for ever be associated with Algernon Swinburne, the poet, who dined there continually. Northumberland House, in Trafalgar Square, was demolished on July 2, 1874, and on March 16, 1876, was formally opened Northumberland Avenue, that occupies part of the site. At the north-west corner of Northumberland Avenue, the front facing west, was built the Grand Hotel—the first of the "monster" hotels of which there are now three in the street. The table d'hôte at the Grand Hotel attained so high a reputation at a bound that "society" was unable to resist the temptation of judging for itself of its merits—for many months afterwards the utmost difficulty was always experienced in obtaining a table for dinner there.

This was, undoubtedly, the first step towards the change. The next restaurant to attract attention of the kind was the Hotel Continental, at the Waterloo Place end of Regent Street—which, as "Maurigi's," had for many years before been one of the most fashionable private hotels in the West End. The Continental held its own against all competitors for two or three years, but eventually the claims of the "East Room" at the

Criterion were so irresistible that "society" deserted the one for the other. It was at the "East Room" that especial attention was first paid to suppers—the late Mr. Mella, who was in charge of it, succeeded in reconciling "society" to supping there almost shoulder to shoulder with the "stars" of the theatrical world! By the stricter members of the public it was regarded as a "scandalous" departure; and "society" was threatened with extinction in consequence! The Hotel Bristol, in Cork Street, soon succeeded the "East Room" as first favourite, maintaining its popularity to the time when were established the great restaurants whose reputation is now world-wide. It is a peculiarity of the English to fly from one extreme to the other: it is to-day almost impossible to induce men and women here to dine at home or at the club, as

they formerly did, and many a club is being driven to the verge of bankruptcy through the great reduction in the numbers of members lunching or dining there.



A "MAKE-UP" WITHIN RANGE OF GERMAN GUNS: A CANADIAN OFFICER SUPPORTING THE "GIRL" OF THE MAPLE LEAVES CONCERT PARTY (UNUSED TO WEARING LADY'S HIGH HEELS) TO THE STAGE DOOR.

Canadian War Records.



A "MAKE-UP" WITHIN RANGE OF GERMAN GUNS: IN THE AL FRESCO "GREEN ROOM" OF THE MAPLE LEAVES CONCERT PARTY—BROTHER OFFICERS HELPING THE "GIRL" OF THE TROUPE IN HER TOILETTE FOR THE FOOTLIGHTS.

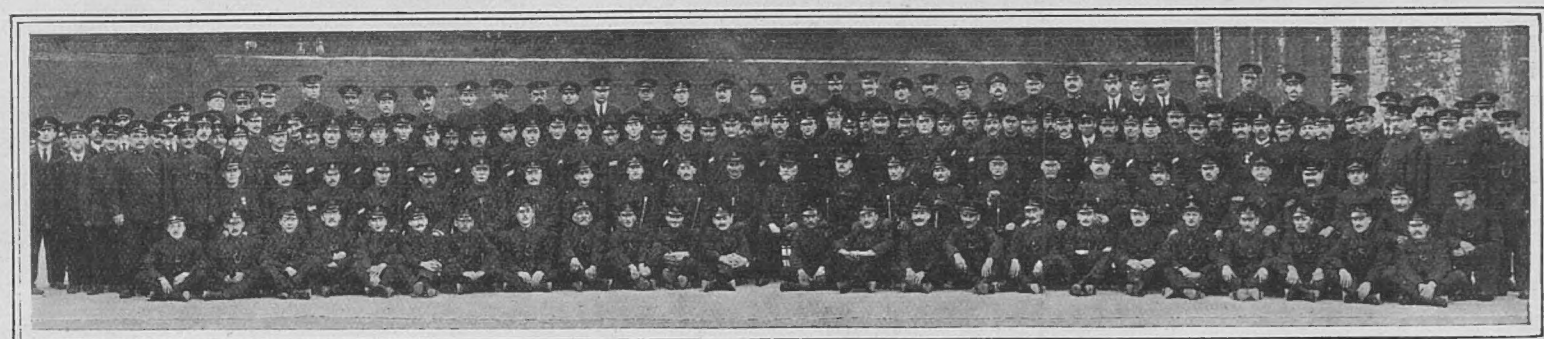
Canadian War Records.

WITH THE SPECIALS :

XLI. AND XLII.—LEMAN STREET ("H"), AND SYDENHAM DIVISIONS.



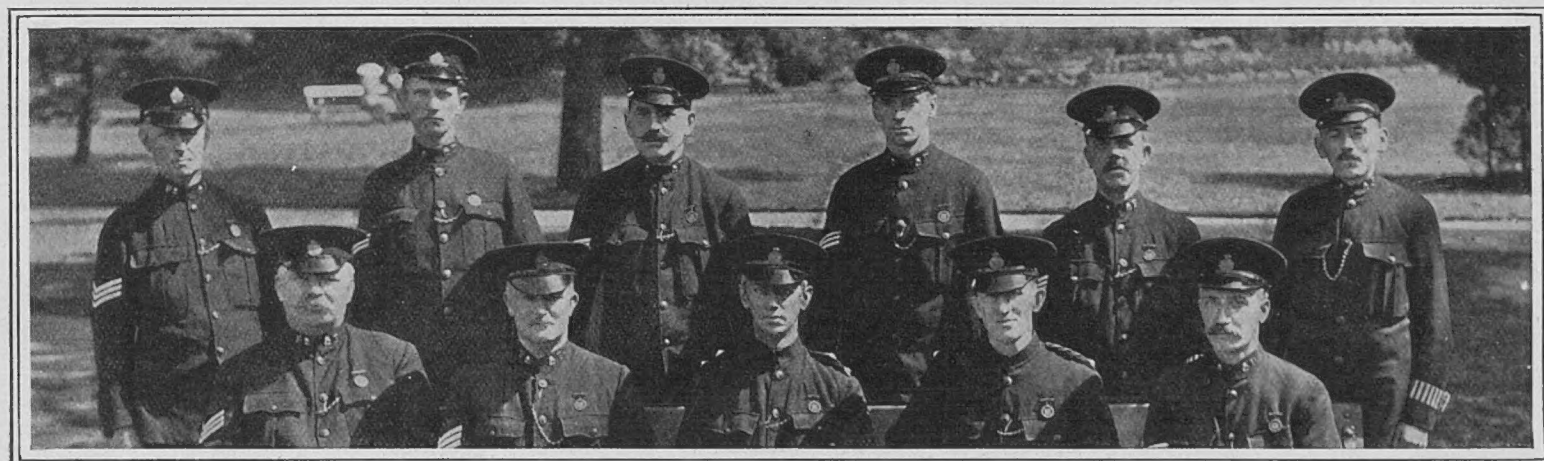
LEMAN STREET ("H") DIVISION: A GROUP OF OFFICERS AND SERGEANTS.



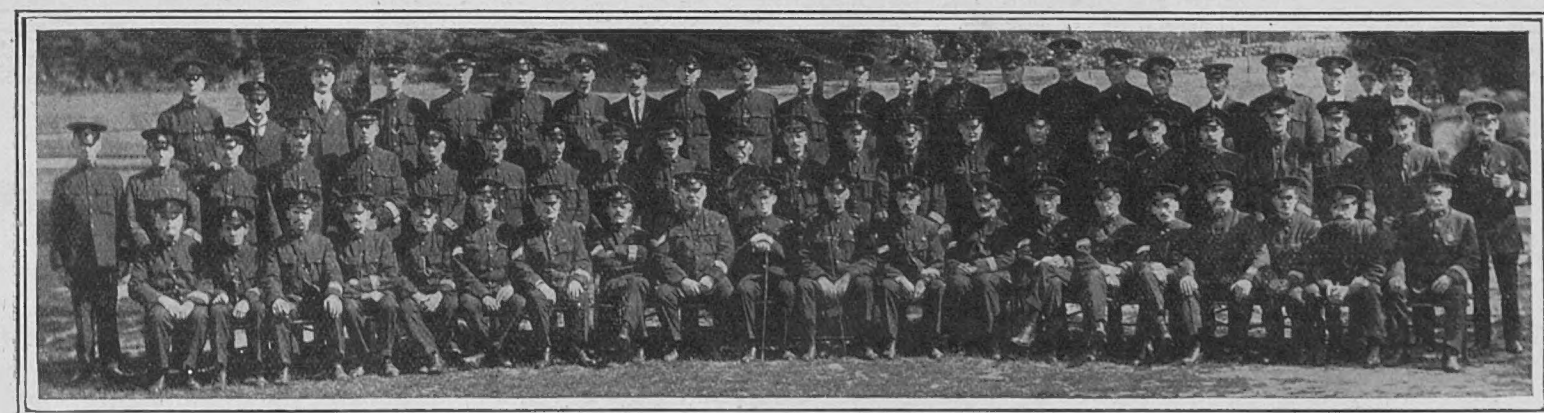
LEMAN STREET ("H") DIVISION: A GENERAL GROUP OF OFFICERS, SERGEANTS, AND MEN.

In the upper group, from left to right, are: (Front Row) Sergeant W. Taylor, Sub-Inspectors J. Marshment, F. G. Griffin, C. Brook, and P. Card, Inspector E. H. Kloot, Add.-Asst.-Commander M. M. Barker, Commander H. T. A. Chidgey, J.P., Asst.-Commander J. G. Parker, Inspectors J. Evans, and A. Pearson, Sub-Inspectors C. Barratt, W. Hyslop, and J. Hunter, and Sergeant D. Levy; (Second Row)

Sergeants C. Govett, F. Trumble, Henry Willson, A. Goldstein, B. Lohfink, J. Toft, H. Friday, W. J. Stokes, H. Collins, J. R. Brown, (next but one) A. Perry, F. Swatts, C. Schaveren, and B. Freisner; (Back Row) Sergeants W. Press, E. Simpson, G. R. Trott, J. Anderson, J. Miller, F. Julier, H. Rose, A. Israel, H. Solomons, H. H. Isaacs, and E. Levy.—[Photographs by Campbell-Gray.]



SYDENHAM DIVISION: A GROUP OF OFFICERS AND SERGEANTS.

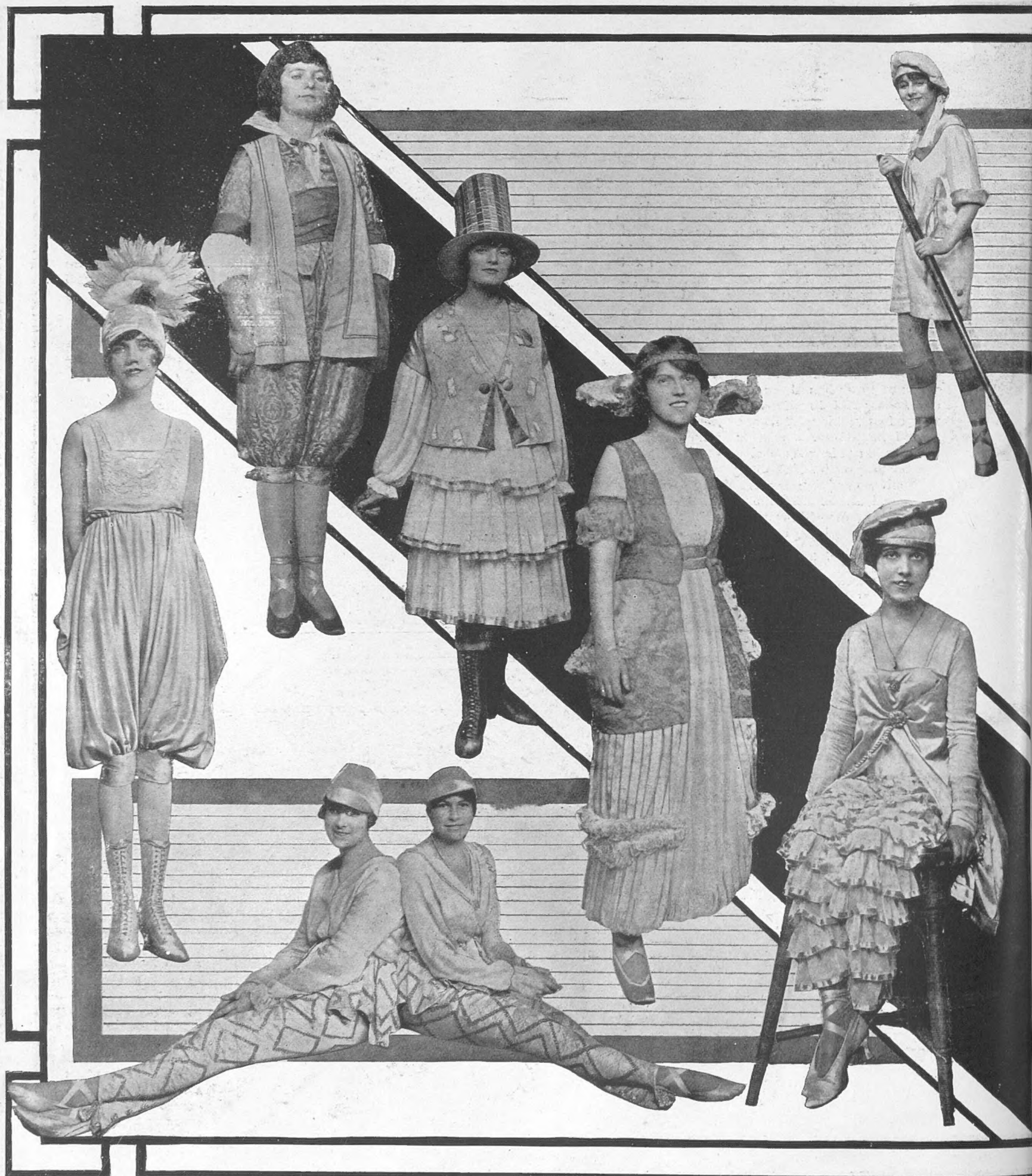


SYDENHAM DIVISION: A GENERAL GROUP OF OFFICERS, SERGEANTS, AND MEN.

In the upper group of officers and sergeants of the Sydenham Division are, from left to right—(Front Row) Sergeant G. Grainger, and Sergeant F. J. Goslett, Inspector H. A. A. Hicks, Sub-Inspector W. Snoad Griffin, and Sergeant H. Milner;

Standing in the back row are Sergeant T. Steeden, Sergeant N. F. Ballard, Sergeant F. J. Cheesman, Sergeant W. A. Dewsnap, Sergeant A. Robertson, and Acting-Sergeant G. Lyon.—[Photographs by Campbell-Gray.]

"ARLETTE" ME LINGER BY THY SIDE — IN



SOME STUDIES IN MISS-UNDERSTANDINGS—AND UNDERSTANDING MISSES: DAINTY

The scene of "Arlette," the bright operetta recently produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre, is laid in Perania, "a country contiguous, it may be supposed, to Ruritania, and, as one critic puts it, situated "somewhere on the map of Romance." Wherever it be, all the men will want to go there, for the girls of Perania are remarkably

Photographs by Foulsham

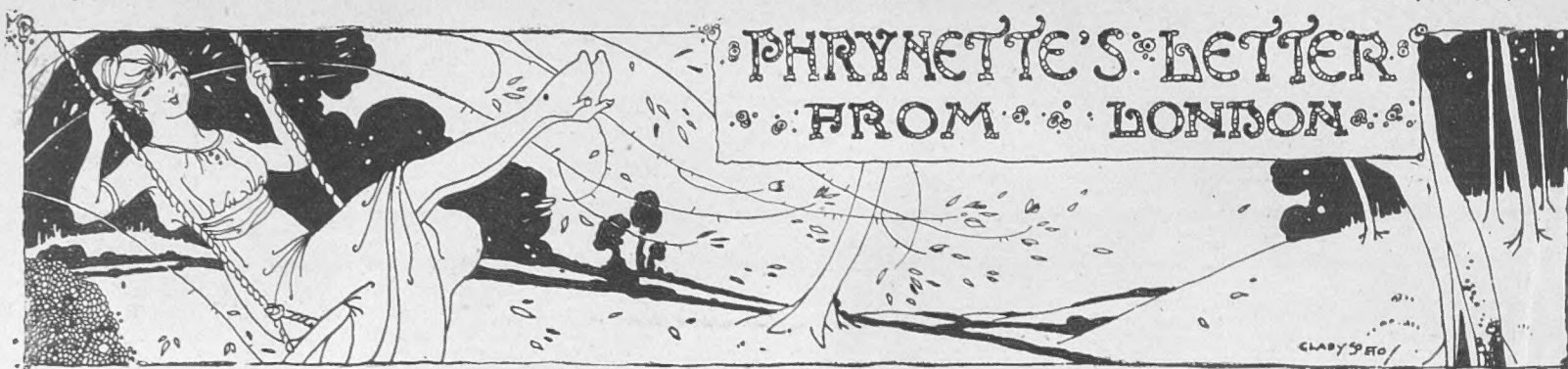
SHAFTESBURY AVENUE: PERIS OF PERANIA.



DRESSES, WITH DAINTIER CONTENTS, IN "ARLETTE," AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

good-looking, and, moreover, they know how to dress. Not content with the monotonous skirt, they vary the style of their "understandings" in a most attractive way, ranging from knickers and close-fitting trousers to ballet-skirts and boating shorts. In their headgear, too, they favour a pleasing variety.

and Banfield, Ltd.



A COSY CORNER OF FRANCE.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

DO you ever lunch in a Soho restaurant? Not a dressed-up one, with flowers on the table and a set menu, but one with closely packed tables for four, laid with unstarched cloths, French mustard, and (I admit it) tooth-picks. *Prima causa* I like the excellence of the cooking; and, *secundo*, the company—fellow-restaurateurs who are French, Belges (with their "dames") Italians, or any other species of *boulevardier*—you may know them because they put their serviettes beneath their chins, and it makes you really feel abroad. Monsieur knows us all personally; Madame calls our orders down the dinner-lift: "Potage bonne femme—deux" "Un ris de veau—un" "Compote de prunes," and a voice from kitchen depths echoes her correctly. Mademoiselle checks the cash, and Giuseppe, the wine-waiter, brings in our bocks and Beaune with astonishing celerity. The coffee is black and hot, and the cups are thick; the *fromage et desserts* are served as in Paris; and it is all delightful. But I shall not tell you where to find my particular restaurant, because, if all the readers of *The Sketch* went there, it would have no room for me.

The leading florists in town are showing quaint conceits in the composition of *bouquets de corsage*. The bouquets, of the size of a saucer, are made of tightly pressed flowers which are not, as a rule, associated together—for instance, a small sunflower or that of the Jerusalem artichoke will have its heart surrounded with briar-tips, while the yellow petals themselves serve as background and surround. An orchid will be set off by stiff leaves of *fusain*, or a large carnation will be "stuffed" with forget-me-nots. There is nothing too strange or too far from Nature's intentions for the florist as to the affinity of flowers—as long as the colour-scheme is effective. But Flora, flabbergasted, frowns!

Some of the intimest *dessous* are now decorated with beads of glass. For instance, a pink something of *crêpe-de-Chine*, with a lucky black cat embroidered upon it, will have emerald or yellow stones to represent realistically the glad eyes of pussy. It is very decorative and original and all that, but I wonder whether those bits of glass give a comfy feeling when one is being squeezed—by one's stays, I mean, of course!

Still on the same stuff.

"What is 'regimental lingerie'?" asked Cynicuss with simplicity. "I saw some advertised somewhere. Does it mean patronised by —, or under the direct supervision of —? Or do Subs. nowadays wear ninon under their tunics?"

I had to explain that "regimental lingerie" meant flimsies with regimental crests embroidered in cosy corners on them.

A young and clever readeress of mine who went to Oxford

lately for her "Responsions" (whatever that means) to'd me, with indignation struggling with suppressed gurgles of amusement, that, whereas the names of the men students spread themselves on the list in suave and swanky Latin, those of the women students remained written in plain English! Of course, it is silly; but it is only, after all, one of the minor grievances. The prestige of being Latinised on a parchment would leave me cold; but what would make me furious would be to strain my eyes, and round my back, and develop a furrowed forehead, and lose my complexion, and—horror!—forget how to dress and how to flirt—in other words, to cram for exams for months and years, as many girls do—and then, having at last passed the exams of Law, or such silly thing, to be told that, though I am now a full-fledged barristerette, I am nevertheless barred from barristering—because of petticoats and no precedents! Compared to that howling injustice, the fact that I was described as plain (in a sense!) Rose Smith, instead of Rosa Smitheringus (or whatever the Latin form is)—well, that would not cause me to turn a whisker-curl, I assure you!

Have you written a play or a sketch? Still more important, have you placed it? No—no; don't send it to me! Miss Josephine Meyer, first reader for the Washington Square Players, at the Comedy Theatre, in New York, is hungrily waiting to read it. She wants plays, plays, and more plays; any kind of plays—farce, comedy, fantasy, pantomime, poetic drama, tragedy, but, most of all, a new play-form, if such a thing is possible. She reads scores of scripts, but hers is an appetite that grows with feeding, and she is always looking for the greatest play in the world.

She talks amusingly of her instinct about a play as soon as she

reads the stage set. If it calls for a boudoir or a garden or a library, she knows it's a comedy, and settles down to laugh. A kitchen sink, a milk-pail, or a fire-escape means tragedy. Serious plays she calls "kitchen drama." Of course, kitchens and tenements and bleak farm-houses suggest problems, she admits; but are there no deeply dramatic situations in drawing-rooms and beautiful gardens? Yea, verily.

The Washington Square Players incidentally started two or three years ago as a company of amateurs, and had almost instant success with critics and the public. From a bill of playlets they proceeded to three and four act plays, and are now thoroughly established, although still uncommercial in their aims.

I have been wondering what folk in the profession think of "Trelawny of the Wells," and whether they are not very much amused at the prejudice the 'sixties had against them, according to Mr. Pinero's play now at the New.

It seems incredible in this age, when stage people are such darlings of Society and such



"A pink something of *crêpe-de-Chine*, with a lucky black cat embroidered upon it."



"It would make me furious to round my back and strain my eyes."

idols of the public at large, that they were once an excommunicated "crew," to quote the word of old Sir William Gower. By the way, has the ban of excommunication been officially abolished, or is it merely ignored?

I would very much like to hear the sages of the stage—actors are, for the most part, witty and caustic people—discussing their social status!

To listen to members of the profession, off the stage, is a liberal education, and "as good as a play," as well. For most of them have travelled, most of them have lived to the fullest extent, and all have met, studied, copied, and caricatured such varied types of humanity!

Those who have only seen Mr. Irving from across the footlights would never believe what an incorrigible *farceur* he was before the cares of management pressed on his shoulders. At a rehearsal in a horrid draughty theatre on a cold winter's morning, when everyone

else's sense of fun was temporarily submerged, a lady whose sobriety and virtue were in inverse proportion to her sense of humour, said, "Oh, Harry, do you know of a good throat doctor?"

"I have often told you, Jane." (Jane, by the way, is not the

wings. Her usually quick perceptions utterly submerged by fatigue, she said, "I am ever so sorry I cannot spare you a moment to-night; I am fagged out, and now I must hurry to change my dress to sup with some tire-some people called Brown!" The poor little man flushed and stuttered, and said, "Er—er—I am Brown." An ordinary woman would have collapsed under this accumulation of misery, but not Mrs. Tree. She burst into apparently spontaneous laughter, and said, "And you thought I did not know you!"

The post has just brought me this from a trench poet. The author says, "I know some of the rhymes ring false, but everything else is absolutely true. The happenings took place somewhere in England, France, and the Far East"—

"V.A.D., BY R.N.A.S.

"Who is put on to scrub the floors,
While ratings will not soil their paws,
And clears up really all the chores?
The V.A.D.

"Who is it works from seven to one,
Without the comfort of a bun,
Kept all the time upon the run?
The V.A.D.

"Who is it always finds the time
To shift the bed—yea, nine times nine—
With patience that is quite sublime?
The V.A.D.

"When I to move was far too ill,
When shells burst round, who stayed quite still,
While others bolted down the hill?
The V.A.D.

"Who, when I said, 'Do save yourself,
You've youth and looks and love and wealth,'
Replied, 'I am not here for health'?
The V.A.D.

"Who, when the shelling bout was o'er,
Instead of swooning on the floor,
Brought me back to life once more?
The V.A.D."

Here is a yarn about France and the Scots which may amuse the boys at the front. My countrywomen, it is related, were mystified by the kilts. "They cannot be women because they have moustaches, and they cannot be men because they wear

"Bleak farm-houses suggest problems."

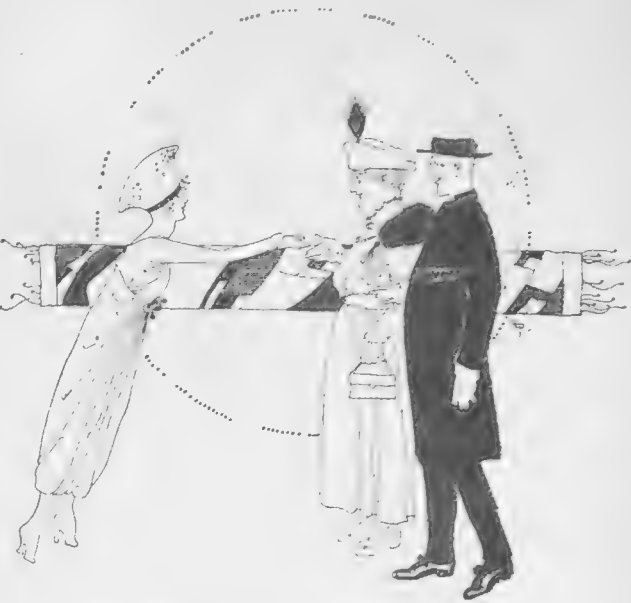
lady's name), replied Mr. Irving, in his best episcopal manner, "that sobriety and a virtuous life are the best throat doctors, but you will not heed me!"

The company gurgled with muffled joy, the lady flushed with rage, and was hardly appeased when Mr. Irving pointed out he was only testing her powers of credulity!

Mr. Currie was a member of the company which the late Sir Herbert Tree took to Berlin. It numbered, among other lovely English actresses, Miss Alice Crawford. Mr. Currie had at the suppers, dinners, and dances at which the company was fêted an excellent opportunity of observing the manners and tastes of the German officers, notably those of the famous Death's Head Regiment. In passing, let it be said, in fairness, that when playing the rôle of patron of the drama the Crown Prince was at his very best. "I know," said Mr. Currie, "who would be the most bitterly angry if the impossible were to happen and Germany conquered England. It would be the German women!"

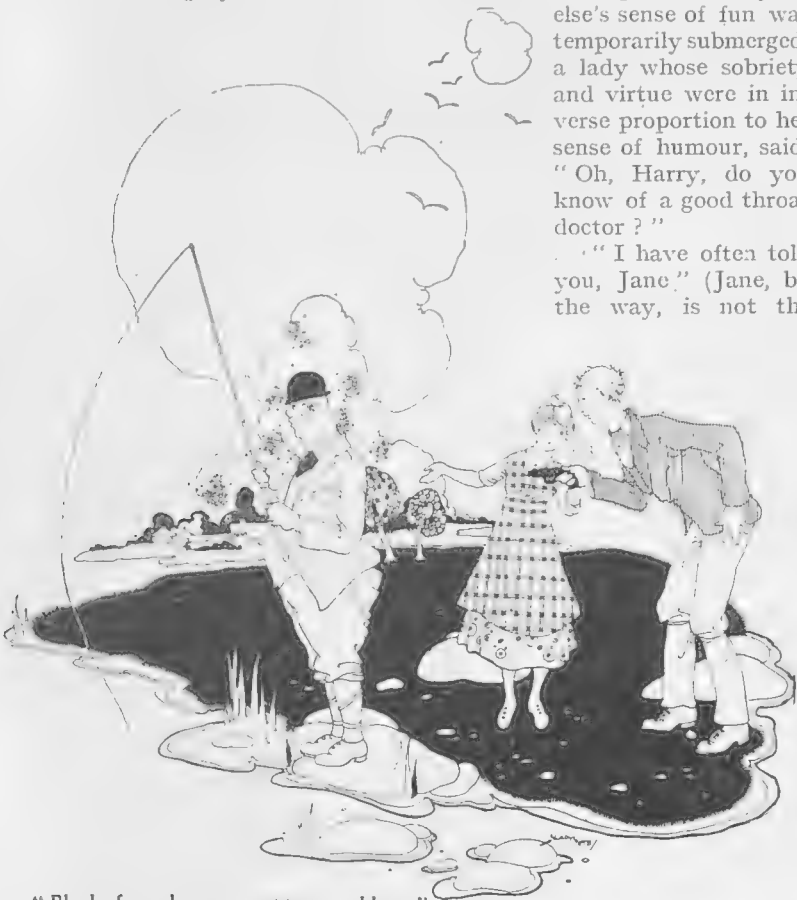
In these sad days we cannot see and hear too much of those who are ever clever, kind, and witty. Lady Tree's presence of mind and ready resource are well illustrated by this little incident which happened some years ago, when she and her husband (then Mr. Tree) were touring the big towns. Mrs. Tree had had a very tiring week—the company was playing repertory, and Mrs. Tree, fatigued with a long succession of exacting parts, looked forward to early to bed on Saturday night, as an early train call was billed for Sunday morning. She was, therefore, rather disappointed when Mr. Tree told her he had accepted an invitation for them both to sup with people of local importance whom we will call Brown—complete strangers to Mrs. Tree.

On making an exit she saw a little man, with apologetic attitude which suggested an interviewer, standing in the



"Stage people are such darlings of Society."

"And you thought I did not know you!"



"Are there no deeply dramatic situations in drawing-rooms?"

skirts." Then suddenly a bright thought struck one of them: "They must be the famous regiment spoken so much of lately—the Middle-sex."



LORD FAIRFAX, who has been elected a Scottish Representative Peer, holds a unique position. British by naturalisation, he comes of an American family some generations old, and is thoroughly American in everything but his title. The story of his succession is singular. Lord Fairfax descends from that Fairfax who led a Parliamentary Army in the great Civil War, and beat the Royalists at Marston Moor. Another ancestor took a part in promoting the ever-glorious Revolution of 1688. The son of this latter, the sixth Baron, inherited from his mother lands in England which he gave to his brother, while he himself went over to America to live on a little farm consisting of some five millions of acres in Virginia. Here he lived in regal splendour. But the War of Independence killed him. He was a Monarchist, and when the news arrived to him of Cornwallis's surrender he simply turned his face to the wall and died. It is singularly appropriate that, at a time when we are fighting in close association with the United States, an

American-born Peer, who represents in his person the new America and in his ancestry the America of the Royalist tradition, should enter the House of Lords.

A Cup of Kindness.

Elder sons, with coming-of-age festivities postponed by the outbreak of the war, have, time and again, gone into action to return no more. In some cases the tenantry on their father's estates had already been to Bond Street for presents that were to be made, with much cheer and much cheering, when peace came. Lord Clive was one such postponed recipient of public favour; and among the saddest of mementos at Powis Castle is the gold cup which the people of Welshpool bought for the son, and have now, a year after his death, presented to his parents. The town house of



MARRIED ON SEPT. 26: THE BARON AND BARONESS NAPOLEON GOURGAUD.

Baron Napoleon Gourgau, son of Baron Gourgau and of Baronne Gourgau (née Chevreau) was married on Sept. 26, at the Church of Saint-Philippe-du-Roule, to Miss Eva Gebhard, of New York, daughter of the late Mr. William M. Gebhard, and of Mrs. Gebhard, née Miss Cora Wilkinson. The nuptial benediction was pronounced by Abbé Siraudeau, curé of Yerres, Seine-et-Oise, a friend of the bridegroom's family. The witnesses for the bridegroom were Baron Maurice and Baron Robert Gourgau, his uncles, and, for the bride, the American Ambassador, Mr. William G. Sharp, and Mr. Harry Lehr.

Lord and Lady Powis, No. 45, Berkeley Square, has long been the unique possessor of a door-plate bearing the label "Earl of Powis." That was the whim of a predecessor. But the reigning Lady Powis is not so enamoured of the New Woman's movement as to put her own plate beneath—"Lady Darcy de Knayth," the barony she holds in her own right.

A Majority. A coming-of-age that has been kept during a short leave is that of Mr. Anthony Lowther, son of the Hon. Lancelot Lowther, Lord Lonsdale's



ENGAGED: MISS M. WHITCOMBE.

Miss Whitcombe is a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Whitcombe, Queen's Gate. Captain J. D. Inglis, M.C., R.E., her fiancé, is a son of the late Major T. D. Inglis, R.A.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

A City of Great Preachers.

If Westminster is the home of great secular talkers, it must be admitted that there are enough great preachers to prevent the world—and some would say the Devil—getting a monopoly. The Rev. R. J. Campbell is to go to Christ Church, Victoria Street; Dr. Jowett is already at the Westminster Chapel, a stone's-throw away; Canon Gamble is at St. John's; the Abbey and St. Margaret's have their battery of heavy-weights; and there are some big guns of Roman Catholicism at the Westminster Cathedral. Mr. Campbell's new cure, which is a sinecure as regards parish duties, is a long cry from the days of the New Theology and the City Temple, for Christ Church has a strongly ritualistic tradition. Mr. Campbell seems to have had something of a struggle to leave Birmingham, since as recently as August last he scouted any idea of his severing his connection with the cathedral there, as his associations had been far too pleasant to make him anxious to do so.

What a Pity! Others beside Sir Archibald Hunter will echo his



TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY: MISS EDITH ADA DAVIDSON.

Miss Davidson is a daughter of the late Mr. H. Chisholm Davidson, Indian Revenue Survey, and is to be married on Oct. 17 to Mr. John F. Byng Hartshorne, Indian Civil Service.

Photograph by Swaine.

only brother and heir. He has attained his majority in one sense, but not in the Hussars, and it seems only the other day that he was a train-bearer at the Coronation of George V. On this important birthday he was made very welcome at Lowther Castle by his uncle, who possesses everything in the world but a son. Some of the famous gold plate was in requisition for the great occasion. And there are other yellows beside those of gold at Lowther—the familiar yellows, for instance, of Lord Lonsdale's motors and carriages. His horses are chestnuts; but not so the good stories told at table by recent guests at the Castle, including Lords Jersey, Worcester, and Rodney.



A COMPANION OF THE BATH: GENERAL JOUBERT.

General Joubert retired in 1912, but at once rejoined. He is now a Commander of the Legion of Honour, and also wears the Croix de Guerre. His son is in the Artillery, and has been decorated with the Croix de Guerre.—[Photo. by Pierre Petit.]

regret, expressed in his farewell letter to the Aldershot Command, that it had not fallen to his lot to lead the men he had trained into action. No man ever inspired greater confidence in those serving under him, and no Chief was ever more ready to share the hardships of his troops than the man who was known in Egypt as the point of Ki chener's lance. At a time when Sir Archibald is going to the War Office—where they make plans for defeating the Kaiser—it is interesting to remember that on one occasion he saved the life of the All Highest by stopping the bolting horses of the carriage in which he was seated, and received a standing invitation to Potsdam as a reward for valour. In the light of recent events, it seems almost a pity that "Archie" was so prompt.

A BRIDE — AND BRIDES - TO - BE.



TO MARRY LIEUT. E. R. M. SPIELMAN:
MISS MOZELLE SASSOON.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN R. ROPNER:
MISS LILLIAN SNOW.



MARRIED ON OCT. 11: MISS DOROTHY N.
NELL (MRS. A. I. DUNN).



TO MARRY MR. OSCAR A. IASIGI:
MISS ALTHEA L. MONEY.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT JAMES VINCENT
BARRY: MISS LOIS V. JONES.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN N. A. LINZEE:
MISS DAMARIS BROMLEY KEMP.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT W. C. COLLINGE:
MISS DOLLIE DUNCAN.



ENGAGED TO MR. FRANCIS M. BATTYE:
MISS MAY HILL WATT.



TO MARRY MAJOR EDWARDS, R.G.A.:
MISS PEGGY DOLPHIN.

Miss Mozelles Sassoon is daughter of Mr. J. S. Sassoon, Ashley Park, Walton-on-Thames. Lieutenant E. R. M. Spielman, London Regiment, is son of Mr. M. A. Spielman, Gloucester Square. Miss Lillian Snow is daughter of Colonel Rochfort Snow, Christchurch, New Zealand. Staff-Captain R. Ropner is son of Mr. Robert Ropner, J.P., Stockton-on-Tees, and grandson of Sir Robert Ropner, Bt. Miss Dorothy Nell is daughter of Captain E. W. Nell, Gloucester Regiment, and Mrs. Nell, Newnham-on-Severn. Her marriage was arranged for Oct. 11 (leave permitting) to Lieutenant A. I. Dunn, R.E. Miss Althea Money is daughter of Colonel Elliot Money, C.B., of Slough. Her marriage to Mr. Oscar A. Iasigi, of Boston, U.S.A., will take place in December. Miss Jones is

daughter of the late Mr. Harold Jones, M.I.C.E., and of Mrs. Jones, Earl's Court. Lieutenant James V. Barry, R.F.C., is son of the late Mr. James Hewitt Barry, of Calcutta and London. Miss Bromley-Kemp is daughter of Mr. S. Bromley-Kemp, of Volksrust, Transvaal, South Africa, and Mrs. S. Bromley-Kemp, Southsea. Captain N. H. Linzee is in the Royal Army Medical Corps. Miss Dollie Duncan, of Turriff, Aberdeenshire, is to marry Lieutenant W. C. Collinge, King's Own Lancashire Regiment. Miss May Hill Watt is daughter of Mr. Charles Watt, Beaufort Gardens. Mr. Francis M. Battye is the eldest son of Mr. George Battye, Neutral Bay, Sydney. Miss Peggy Dolphin is to be married shortly to Major Edwards, Royal Garrison Artillery.



THE intimate letters written by Lord Beaconsfield to his best friend of later life, Lady Bradford, passed to her grandson, Commander the Hon. Richard Bridgeman. He having been killed while flying, they are now the property of his sister, Lady Beatrice Pretzman; and it is very certain that they will not follow into the autograph market the series of scribbles which Disraeli addressed much earlier to his sister Sarah—scribbles that are far gayer than Horace Walpole's more elaborate letters, and quite as variously well informed. Commander Bridgeman was born three years after Disraeli took a peerage, and one of the names given him at the font was Beaconsfield, in memory of his grandmother's great friendship with the Minister. Disraeli had a way of his own with his correspondence. He never sent his autograph in response to the admiring requests that reached him with his breakfast-rolls every morning; and he had been taught by trouble a discretion which kept him from writing to

even the young men of his Party, who, in talk, had all the freedom of his tongue. Lady Bradford and Lady Chesterfield both he trusted utterly with his script. He told them everything, and he told it always racily and with the human touch that never deserted him. In those last solitary days in Curzon Street he used to say that, though his looking-glass told him a very different tale, the heart within him remained the heart of Disraeli the Younger. And his letters to Lady Bradford confirm that rather startling diagnosis.

A Romance of Eaton Place.

Engagements go on: the London front yields an un-

wrote in the Cliffords' home at Ugbrooke Park, Chudleigh. Miss Hornyold, by the way, is a great-niece of Lord Llandaff, still better known as Henry Matthews, one-time Home Secretary by favour of Lord Randolph Churchill. The nuptials are entered for early in November.

Petticoats and Fairs.

A coming event that casts, not black shadows, but blue Tom-bola tickets before! The event itself does not take place till the early days of December, when a "Petticoat Lane" Fair will be held in the Albert Hall in aid of Miss Lena Ashwell's Concerts at the Front. Very pretty petticoats make the success of any sort of Fair, human or commercial. And the petti-coaterie already at work for a record triumph at Knightsbridge six weeks hence includes Winifred Lady Arran, the Baroness d'Erlanger, Mrs. John Lavery (well known by her husband's many portraits of her), and Lady Essex, Lady Hamilton (Sir Ian's wife), and Miss Elizabeth Asquith—all three of whom happen to have sat to Sargent. That artist, by the way, is still in America, and when he has painted Dr. Woodrow Wilson's portrait (for Sir Hugh Lane's £10,000 Red Cross cheque) he will be able to count two Presidents among his sitters. Colonel

Roosevelt stood to him, characteristically enough; but, in the same fitness of things, the Professor-President will have his chair.

Heir-looming in the Future.

The policeman who keeps order at the sale of the remaining treasures at Drayton Manor, Tamworth, may think the dispersal of all the household gods of the great Sir Robert Peel of little consequence. Nobody can buy or sell the "Bobby" and the "Peeler" by which the great Minister's name remains, free from all freaks of fortune, a public possession. Another consolation for the ghost of Sir Robert may be found in the prices fetched by the Peel possessions when they get under the hammer. For the Peels were of a business build, and to see a Rubens fetch £75,000 for which you did not give a tenth of the figure must reckon among the tit-bits of buying and selling—the romance of merchandise. The Lawrence portrait of Lady Peel has already found its way to Mr. Frick's picture-gallery in New York; and, now that the Court has formally sanctioned the sale of the remaining contents of the Manor, a round dozen more of Lawrences are likely enough to reach the sainted river of the name. If Sir Robert had been in temporary possession of Chequers! Perhaps Sir Arthur Lee's gift may render it less necessary for Prime Ministers to surround themselves with baubles for descendants to disperse.



ORGANISER OF A HOSPITAL MATINEE: LADY REES.

Lady Rees, who has organised a matinee, to take place on Oct. 26, at the St. James's Theatre, in aid of the Prince of Wales's General Hospital, Tottenham, is the wife of the famous Laryngologist, Sir Milsom Rees, C.V.O.

Photograph by Swaine.

ending chronicle of those who fall in love. At No. 97, Eaton Place, Miss Dorothy Hornyold has been captured by the Hon. Charles Clifford, eldest son of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh. The present holder of the ancient Clifford title is a Big Englander, for he went farming in New Zealand when he was still in his teens, stuck at it for more than a dozen years, and then went to Tasmania, where he stayed for a still longer run, and only last year returned to England, on his succession to his brother's title. The coming bridegroom shares his father's Colonial cosmopolitanism—a quality likely to become more and more of an asset as time goes on. In places it is still just a little "previous," as Lord Clifford lately found when he got on his legs in the Gilded Chamber. He was regarded by some of his fellows as an apparition almost as unexpected as might have been that of "The Hind and the Panther" themselves, about whom Dryden



A DISTINGUISHED LADY DOCTOR: DR. LOUISE McILRAY.

Dr. Louise McIlray, of the Scottish Women's Hospital, Salonika, has been awarded the Croix de Guerre, and the Médaille des Epidémies, for her fine services rendered during the war.

Photograph by Mendoza.



WORKING AT THE NATIONAL WAR MUSEUM: MISS S. WOLFE MURRAY.

Miss Wolfe Murray is busily employed as the Secretary of the Women's Section of the National War Museum.

Photograph by Swaine.



WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN GENERAL: LADY MURRAY.

Lady Murray is the wife of Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Murray, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., who has taken up the command at Aldershot, in succession to Sir Archibald Hunter.

Photograph by Swaine.

THE DISTAFF SIDE: FOUR NEW PORTRAITS.



SERVING AS PARLOUR-MAID: MRS. HALIBURTON
MORTIMER.



WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN KITCHENER'S ARMY
OFFICER: MRS. HOPE NELSON.



ORGANISING AN EXHIBITION OF SURGICAL
REQUISITES: MRS. CHARLES D. MILLER.



TO APPEAR AS AN ANGEL IN THE PALACE
TABLEAUX: LADY RACHEL JOAN CAPELL.

Mrs. Haliburton Mortimer is the wife of Captain H. M. Mortimer, 60th Rifles, and is at present acting as a parlour-maid at the United Forces Club, Belgrave Square.—Mrs. Hope Nelson is the wife of Lieutenant James Hope Nelson, Cavalry Reserve, the eldest son of Sir William Nelson, sometime Chairman of the famous Nelson Line. Mrs. Nelson is the daughter of Dr. Jules F. Valle, of St. Louis, U.S.A.—Mrs. Charles D. Miller is the wife of Major C. D. Miller, who is in France. Mrs. Miller is Hon.

Secretary of the Exhibition of the Work of the Surgical Requisites Association, Mulberry Walk, Chelsea, to be held at the Grafton Galleries on Nov. 20 to 23. The Association is a branch of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild.—Lady Rachel Joan de Vere Capell is the younger daughter of the Countess of Essex, widow of the seventh Earl. Lady Rachel is a half-sister of the present Earl of Essex. She is to appear as an Angel in the Palace Theatre Tableaux which are being organised by Miss Elizabeth Asquith.

Photographs Nos. 1 and 2, by Lallie Charles; No. 3, by Yvonde; No. 4, by Val l'Estrange.

"THE UNSOLDIERLIKE SUB."

A Letter from the Front.

THERE has come to hand, within the last fortnight, a letter from a Captain with the B.E.F., which is well worth reprinting in its entirety here, in view of its distinctive difference from the majority of "letters from the Front."

Here is the letter in question:—

"I should like to call your attention to the facts of the story of my Pelman Course.

"When I began I was looked upon with disfavour by the C.O. of my battalion at home as being a sleepy, forgetful, and unsoldierlike sub. When I began your Course my star began to rise—I had the ability but had not been able to use it. I left the home battalion with my C.O.'s recommendation as being the best officer he had had for more than a year, and came to France.

"I was then appointed as a second-lieutenant to command a company over the heads of four men with two 'pips,' and have now three stars and an M.C.

"That I was able to make use of my abilities so successfully I attribute entirely to the Pelman System."

As an isolated letter the foregoing might fail to carry much weight. But when it is taken as typical of some hundreds of similar letters from Army and Navy officers, then, indeed, one is forced to concede that there must be "something in Pelmanism."

More than thirty Generals and Admirals and well over 300 naval and regimental commanders—to say nothing of 3,000 other officers and a multitude of N.C.O.s and men—have adopted Pelmanism since the outbreak of war, and every day brings reports from them as to substantial benefits derived.

Let us take a few examples. A Naval Captain reports promotion to the command of a fine cruiser—thanks to his Pelman training. A Lieutenant-Colonel reports "a step in rank" within two months of starting the Course. A Major writes attributing his majority and his D.S.O. to the same agency. A General and a Rear-Admiral also write giving testimony which it is, at present, inadvisable to publish. There is not a rank or unit of either Service which has not supplied convincing evidence of the fact that Pelmanism is truly the short road to progress.

Many officers find that, in addition to assisting them to greater military efficiency, the Pelman Course serves other desirable ends. For example:—

"The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during the Army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates a clear, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of Life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove moral salvation to many a business man. 'Success,' too, would follow—but I consider this as secondary."

Such letters render comment superfluous.

The evidence forces one irresistibly to the conclusion—and it is the right conclusion—that, as "TRUTH" says, "The Pelman Institute places the means of progress within the reach of everyone."

An Amazing Fact.

The amazing fact is that, however sweeping this statement may appear, it is literally true! There is no case upon record in which the conscientious student of "Pelmanism" has failed to reach the coveted goal—whether that goal be promotion, financial betterment, social or professional advancement, or aught else.

"Pelmanism" in the Services.

The extent to which "Pelmanism" has been adopted by both services is wonderful when one considers the disabilities under which "the little grey books" are being studied at the Front and in the Fleet. At the present time there are no fewer than 7,000 officers and men following the Pelman Course, including:—

- 34 Generals.
- 5 Admirals.
- 81 Naval Captains and Commanders.
- 144 Colonels.
- Over 3,000 other Officers.

From these *voluntary* reports are received daily, recording promotion and other benefits due to "Pelmanism."

As to other results, the difficulty is to select the most representative ones. Here is a random selection which could be multiplied a thousand-fold from the Institute's records:—

- Promotion to Colonelcy.
- Placed my practice on a satisfactory basis.
- Rise of £145 per annum.
- Doubled my turnover.
- Naval promotion (Captain).
- Salary improved 300 per cent.
- Literary prize of £250.
- My income has gone up 300 per cent.
- Substantial increase in my salary.
- Increase of salary of 50 per cent.
- Increased turnover and salary.
- Secured a staff appointment (Army).
- My turnover has beaten all records.
- My business has increased considerably.
- Salary exactly doubled.
- Added £80 to my commission account.
- I have had a 40 per cent. rise.
- Salary increased, also a 10 per cent. bonus.
- My salary has been increased by 60 per cent.
- The means of making my income double.
- Greatest increase in business.

Thus in every direction—financial, professional, social, and educational—the Pelman System is daily helping thousands of men and women of every trade, profession, and occupation to attain success.

And what is the cost? A half-hour or so devoted each evening for a few weeks to a most fascinating course of study; not study in the humdrum sense of the word, but a real mental recreation.

From the very first, lesson difficulties begin to vanish; problems become easier of solution; worries are dissipated. It is no magic formula which accomplishes this; the secret is a perfectly open one—the natural development and thorough organisation of the mental faculties, leading to a tremendous stimulation of energy and confidence in oneself.

From business and professional women eulogistic letters are received by the thousand, and

the majority of them express themselves in terms of enthusiasm. Many of them actually reproach The Pelman Institute for *under-stating* the value of the Course. For instance, a Solicitor writes:—

"I used to think that the claims made for 'Pelmanism' must be fantastic; now I consider them to be under-statements of the truth." It is useful to bear in mind this comment (typical of many) when one is tempted to think that the announcements made by the Institute are in any degree exaggerated. *As a matter of sober fact, every statement made here or elsewhere by the Pelman Institute can be handsomely justified by a reference to the records of the Institute.*

A Student of the Course recently wrote: "If people only knew, the doors of the Pelman Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants." Even as a purely social and intellectual factor, Pelmanism well repays the few hours required for its study; and over one hundred titled people have enrolled for it within the last few weeks (from ducal rank downwards).

Qualities Developed.

Following the intensely interesting lessons and exercises, the students of Pelmanism rapidly develop a brilliant Memory, strong Will Power, complete power of Concentration, quick Decision, sound Judgment, an ability to reason clearly, to converse attractively, to Organise and Manage, and to conduct their work and social duties with Tact, Courage, Self-Confidence, and Success. All mental weaknesses and defects are, on the other hand, eliminated—such as Mind-wandering, Forgetfulness, Weak Will, Aimlessness, Bashfulness, Self-consciousness, the "Worry Habit," etc., etc. Individual instruction is given through the post, and the student receives the utmost assistance from the large expert staff of instructors at the Institute in solving particular personal difficulties and problems.

As a system, Pelmanism is distinguished by its inexhaustible adaptability. It is this which makes it of value to the University graduate equally with the salesman, to the woman of leisure, and to the busy financier, to the Army officer and to the commercial clerk. The Pelmanist is in no danger of becoming stereotyped in thought, speech or action: on the contrary, individuality becomes more pronounced. Greater diversity of "character" would be apparent amongst fifty Pelmanists than amongst any fifty people who had not studied the Course.

Should it be Nationalised?

Many prominent people—including a Member of the House of Lords and many other men and women—are insisting that the Pelman Institute should be taken over by the Government, so that the whole nation may receive the benefits of "Pelmanism." Many present students of the course support this view.

In the meantime the Directors of the Institute have temporarily arranged a substantial reduction in the fee to enable readers of THE SKETCH to secure the complete course with a minimum outlay. To get the benefit of this liberal offer application should be made at once by postcard or by letter to the address below.

Write To-day.

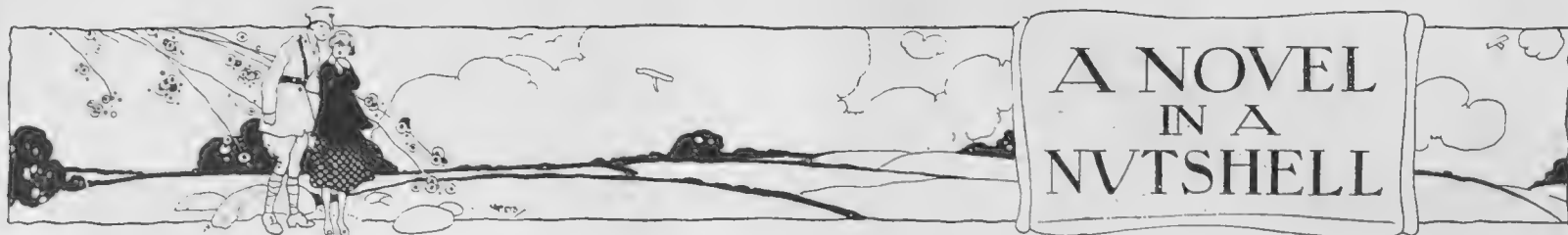
A full description of the Pelman Course is given in "Mind and Memory," a free copy of which (together with "TRUTH'S" special Report on "Pelmanism," and particulars showing how to secure the Course for one-third less than the usual fee) will be sent post free to all readers who send to the Pelman Institute, 41, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

ANZAC RULES.



SPOT (to Marker): 'Ere, Bill, 'e's been and gone and played the wrong ball. Wot do we do now?
BILL: That's all right. Two away and change cues.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



THE N.N.W. SECTOR.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE Pilot waved his hand to Conrad, the Forward Machine-Gunner. His eyes seemed to sparkle behind his goggles; his mouth opened in a shout. The roar of the twin-engines drowned all sounds, but Conrad could see from the shaping of the mouth and the nervous joy of the gesture that the word the Pilot uttered was "England!"

He looked downward.

Far below and before them he saw through the milk-blue, light mist of the moon the dark mass that edged the molten brightness of the sea. That was England. He could see no lights on the land, only faintly glowing penumbras, and those meant towns. He could see the broadly spilled mouth of The River, over to the left—far over. He could follow the line of it as it writhed like a fat, silver worm, until it dwindled into the dusty blue distance. There were glowings along the banks of The River. Here and there were sharp, hard flowers of flame—furnaces. The distance into which the river vanished was blue; but blue laid upon pink. Blue with a core of light shining through. That was The City.

It was very distant yet, but the aura of the gigantic place could be seen from their great height. It was their goal. The Machine-Gunner, looking down, felt excited, yet calm. He felt strangely impersonal. The bright, metallic sea, the dark fret of lagoon and inlet at the verge of that shining sea, the massing of the land, and the winding of the river through that land—it was all like a queer map spread out for him on the floor of a darkening room.

He glanced back at the Pilot, and at Rudolf, the gunner in the stern. The Pilot had fixed his attention on his instrument-board once more. His hands rested with firm lightness on the controls; the thin light from the tiny, veiled bulbs on the instrument-board shone on his bent head—that and the light of the moon made him look grotesquely huge in his cold-proof suit. As Conrad watched, the Pilot's hands moved slowly and almost imperceptibly. The floor slanted—that was the feeling—under his feet. Looking astern, he suddenly saw the sea below them, as the nose of the Gotha lifted. They were climbing. Rudolf, who had been level with him, sank lower. Conrad was looking across the head of the Pilot down on to Rudolf's shoulders. Rudolf was standing, and he was very still. His hand was on his machine-gun, and his eyes were looking out into the night. He was ready.

They were banking. They swung very swiftly to the left, and then to the right again. Conrad had a glimpse of the Pilot; who, though he darted sharp glances at the earth beneath, yet still worked coolly and unerringly. He himself dropped into his seat and looked downward.

The dark mass of the land was almost directly under them. The glowing of towns was more perceptible. Now on the blackness there were appearing and disappearing many swift points of light. These sparks of light jumped into view at point after point, vanished, and appeared again with extraordinary but minute brilliancy. They flashed like fireflies. Not a sound could be heard of these guns. Conrad looked ahead. Nothing to be seen. He looked astern. Behind, he saw a line of flashes ranking across the sky. As these flashed and vanished, other bursts of flame broke in their places. Great, cold arms of searchlights, starting from an infinitely small point of light, and broadening and broadening and broadening until each beam became a wide, nightmare road of light, combed the sky behind them. Behind them—both the searchlights and the shrapnel-flashes were astern. They had won through the coastal barrage.

The Pilot signalled to him. He bent his head to the voice-tube. He heard the other's voice clear and distinct even above the rush of the wind and the roar of the engines. The voice asked—

"Is Heinrich's machine through, also?"

Conrad stood and glanced about, searching for their companion machine—they were raiding in pairs that night. He could not see it on either side or to the front. Astern he could not see it either. But the flashes were bursting steadily astern, and even in the darkness he could see the faintly white shrapnel smoke, that

became dense and milky as it drifted into the beams of the searchlights. The flashes and smoke obscured the view . . . but in a moment he saw Heinrich's machine. She came swinging into the beam of a searchlight, swerved to escape, but was pinned and held again even as she wriggled. She was coming along swiftly. Then a line of shells burst in front of her. Conrad, even through the smoke, could see her slithering round on her tail, as though to avoid running into a wall. She changed direction; came on again. A line of flashes headed her off. She flew southwards; swerved west; but the shells were after her always. She turned, put her nose up, and began to climb at a great pace, pressing southward.

Conrad told the Pilot what had happened.

"He'll try south . . . over the X-flats," the Pilot called back. "A weak spot . . . but . . . difficult beyond."

Conrad knew that well. The British had their batteries nicely placed for anyone who thought he had found a simple way in. Heinrich must fly cleverly if he was to get through.

It was all dark on the land beneath them now. Twinkling lights appeared occasionally underneath, and here and there the dusty glow of a town. Far ahead of them the searchlights of The City's outer defences were feeling with noiseless fingers through the upper air. The searchlights were ominously and powerfully alert.

The big machine turned swiftly, in a perfect bank; straightened out, and flew north. The silver snake of the river vanished from sight astern. The searchlights were behind them and to their left. They flew swiftly into a darker region. Conrad looked at his own compass, noted the direction, and frowned. He could, from experience, visualise their line of flight. He knew that the Pilot was going to fetch a detour and come upon The City from N.N.W. The trick was one that had been attempted previously. But he also remembered what had happened on those previous occasions. He called through the tube—

"Traxon's patrol, my friend. Do you forget Traxon? You are heading straight for his ground."

"It is all right," cried the Pilot. "It is safe now."

"Traxon is not safe."

"Traxon—but Traxon is dead!"

"Dead! Donner! Can that be true?"

"But, yes. I thought you knew. He was killed five days ago. This line should be safe now."

"Traxon dead!" cried Conrad in astonishment.

Aviators die, like other men—if, perhaps, more quickly; but that Traxon should have died seemed—seemed almost unnatural. Traxon was—had been—so brilliant and so terrible. He had been so accomplished, so clever, and so immune—and yet so fatal to German flyers. Traxon had been stationed N.N.W. of The City—of course, they knew his name, and all about him. That sector of the defence had been his special guard. His great skill, his entirely uncanny skill, had made that portion of The City's approaches practically impregnable.

The N.N.W. sector, Traxon's sector, had become a zone of terror for the enemy flyers. A byword, a synonym of suicide. It seemed that, whatever the condition of light or darkness, Traxon could always find the attacker if he dared to cross his zone. He had an extra sense, as it were. If he found them, they were extremely lucky if they ever got away. Not merely as a fighter of peculiar daring and quality, but also because of the curiously perfect combinations he could work out with the gunners of the district, was Traxon feared. A few badly mauled planes, some with two of their crew dead and the third badly wounded, had limped home to spread the fame of Traxon of the N.N.W. patrol—and they knew the number of planes that had flown into Traxon's sector and had not come back. Conrad, himself, knew Traxon from bitter experience. It was not good military policy to tempt Traxon, and they all avoided the N.N.W. area . . . and now Traxon was dead. The killer of many, dead! Hard to believe that.

"Can you be sure?" Conrad shouted back to the Pilot.

"Quite sure," answered the Pilot. "Inquest in British papers—obituaries. Also, we know it is a fact—our Intelligence is sure. He is dead all right, this Traxon."

[Continued overleaf.]

A LITTLE DROP OF SOMETHING HOT.



VICTORIOUS THOMAS (*to Hun flammenwerfer-carrier hors-de-combat*): Give us a drop of yer liquid fire, Fritz; me and my pal feels as 'ow we could do with a drop o' something warm.

DRAWN BY GERALD C. HUDSON.

They altered course a little. They were now edging westward, fighting the drift that was carrying them too far north. They were coming up close to that dark district over which Traxon had once dealt out death. It was a broad and lightless tract. It was a zone of deep and enigmatical blackness. Was it really so black, in spite of the moonlight? Was it not the memory of Traxon that made it seem so unfathomable, so ominous? Was there something—something "extra" in that dark and inscrutable zone that affected one?

Conrad looked down nervously. Yes; he felt the curious, fluttering thrill of his nerves. There was nothing to see. Sheer darkness down below. No sign of town or village at all—but Conrad knew that under the veil of the night were hidden the batteries that used to respond with such perfect and deadly co-ordination to Traxon's signals and tactics. There had always been something appallingly eerie in that combination. As though Traxon's will dominated the Anti-Aircraft men.

But, of course, Traxon was dead now.

A shine of water down below, and to the north. Water glistening like a jewel plaque in the moonlight. That was the leg-of-mutton lake at Cory Manor. They would turn presently. They were well into the territory of Traxon's patrol.

Had the British anybody as good as Traxon ready for them? It was not likely. Traxon had been unique. Traxon had been a miracle. Flyers of immense distinction and power such as Traxon had been were rare. Conrad, who had met Traxon, shuddered. Traxon was dead—of course he was dead, and thank goodness for it; but one could almost feel him still. It was as though he still held sway in this N.N.W. area.

They banked. They began to fly down the wind on to The City.

As they turned they saw the huge, muffled glow of The City inflaming the sky. They were behind it now—west of it, and to the north. They could strike at it from the rear. Conrad leaned out and studied intently the glow.

"They have begun," he called through the speaking-tube.

The Pilot glanced up, looked for an acquisitive thirty seconds, nodded, and returned to his passion—the instrument-board.

Conrad could see that indeed they had begun. He could see the flashing of the gun-fire flushing up in waves through the dirty-pink glow over The City. Away to the south and east there was flush after flush, the gun-discharges overlapping. High in the air he saw the brief, bright, inconspicuous glitterings of the bursting shells—a line of them flickering in the sky. The barrage was up, and it was a good barrage.

The firing died, south-east. The line of sparks began to show due south. The sky was creeping with these short-lived sparks. Again the firing died. A little to the west it began again. It was a good barrage, certainly. The infernal English were too clever. They were ready always to interpose this wall of shells just at those points where the Gothas swung inward and tried to dash over The City. He could trace the gun-fire as it slipped from point to point. He could appreciate the defeat of the raiders as the shell-bursts swayed backward and forward, concentrating at point after point to stop the rush.

The British gunners were very alert, very clever, and very dangerous. Well, perhaps they would escape that. Now that Traxon was dead.

Curious how his thoughts would come back to Traxon.

Near them, but well over to their left, a thin line of fire began to climb and climb upwards. Another rose, crossing it, just as the first began to droop inward. In front, but at the wrong altitude, a star-shell broke into bitter light. There were a few gun-flashes on the ground. Then a quick, urgent, outburst of gun-fire. Shrapnel began to burst furiously—well to the left. Always comfortably to the left.

"They hear us only," Conrad yelled back to the Pilot.

"Certainly they can't see us. They miss Traxon. . . . Their Flight Patrol . . . has . . . failed," shouted the Pilot.

Another battery began to feel for them across the spaces of the sky. Its odd and inconsequent shells fumbled clumsily in the air. A little group of parachute lights opened astern, quite away from them. The British shooting was truly at loss.

The Pilot held on steadily. There was no need, even, for dodging. He had but to lunge through this weak joint, and he would drive his way straight to the heart of The City. He had found the vulnerable spot.

Conrad sat quietly. He fingered the bomb-releases. He was quite ready. Quite alert. But he seemed at a loss—that is, he had a feeling that he would not be able to use his bombs. Why, he did not know. Traxon was dead. . . . Yet—yet—it was a strange, uncomfortable feeling . . . it was unpleasant. . . .

The shells were still feeling about impotently—behind them, and to the left. How wildly at sea those gunners were . . . and yet. Why did he feel uneasy?

There was the river again. There before them, a good distance still, but now easily observable, was The City. He could see the

lights distinctly, the lines of streets, the glow of ganglions of crossings. They had penetrated the defences. The N.N.W. approach without Traxon.

Traxon again. Why did he dwell on Traxon? It was as though Traxon could affect them now. Absurd idea, for Traxon was dead. . . .

The searchlights were not showing from The City itself. The suburban guns were beginning to fire. The line of barrage was being set across the sky. But it was wide of them—wide. It was hopeless.

The Gotha swerved abruptly. No, it did not bump. It had swerved and staggered, as though the Pilot had made a mistake. Conrad swivelled round. The Pilot's hands were on the controls, but he was looking back. He was looking back and up. Conrad could see Rudolf beyond. He was looking back and up. His attitude was singular. It was crouched, half-hesitant and half-alert. He looked up and behind. There was—what was it in the fellow's attitude that made one fear?

Conrad looked up and astern.

A great biplane was flying above them, and a little behind.

He gasped and turned cold at the sight. And yet it wasn't a sense of danger that chilled him. It was something in that huge, black mass of 'plane that stiffened him with horror. There was a familiarity about it. He knew the 'plane. He knew it—but he did not know why or how he knew.

And the attitudes of the Pilot and Rudolf—he saw they knew it also.

The great 'plane flew behind them. It flew steadily and implacably. It was almost on top of them, so that their own wash should have disturbed it, but it kept its level and distance imperturbably. And it was so silent. And it did nothing at all.

Conrad shouted to the Pilot. He shouted to Rudolf. He swung his own machine-gun round on its swivel.

The Gotha flattened out. It was flying on a level keel. It did not swerve, or dodge, or dive, or try to elude that great, black, hugely silent 'plane above them. Perhaps they all knew that it would be no use. The Pilot was crouching over his wheel and looking back and up. He was rigid with—with—yes, fear. But something more than fear. And Rudolf—Rudolf had not fired: he was too horrified to fire.

On the wing-tips of the big 'plane above them lights appeared. Signal-lights, sending down a message to the guns—to the guns that had combined so well before with—

It was absurd. Traxon was dead. They knew he was dead. The Pilot had been certain. And the Intelligence did not make mistakes on points like that.

Conrad shouted to the Pilot. Cursed him. He shouted to Rudolf that he should fire.

"Fool! Fool!" he shouted to the Pilot. "Use your wits, fool! He is dead! That isn't his 'plane. He is dead!"

There was a sharp explosion close up to them somewhere. The Gotha bumped slightly under the concussion. More explosions, one close, one above them. The guns were getting on to them. The guns were working in combination as of old.

As of old, yet Traxon was dead, and now Conrad knew he was dead.

"Fool!" yelled Conrad to the Pilot. "Do something! Do something!"

"Traxon!" yelled the Pilot. "Traxon! Traxon's 'plane!"

"Fool!" yelled Conrad. "Traxon is dead. You know Traxon is dead. How can he hurt us? . . . He is only frightening us. . . ."

He began to fire into the British 'plane.

He fired a full drum into the under-carriage of the British 'plane. There was no chance of missing—the range was too close, and both machines were flying evenly and steadily. He hit—he hit with every bullet. And the dark and ominous following 'plane followed imperturbably. It had not been stopped. *It could not be stopped.* Conrad knew that nothing human beings could do could stop that 'plane.

There was a hell of shrapnel round them. They were being struck from every angle. The Gotha was rocking. And it was slipping—slipping. The Pilot was crouched over his control, and he was looking back and up—always so, with a chilled, transfixed horror. Rudolf was down in his gun-pit, dead—Conrad knew. It did not matter. He had not travelled far ahead of them, Rudolf. Already the Gotha was beginning to spin. Her right under-plane had crumpled, and she was beginning to fall to death.

Above them the hugely dark and silent 'plane flew imperturbably.

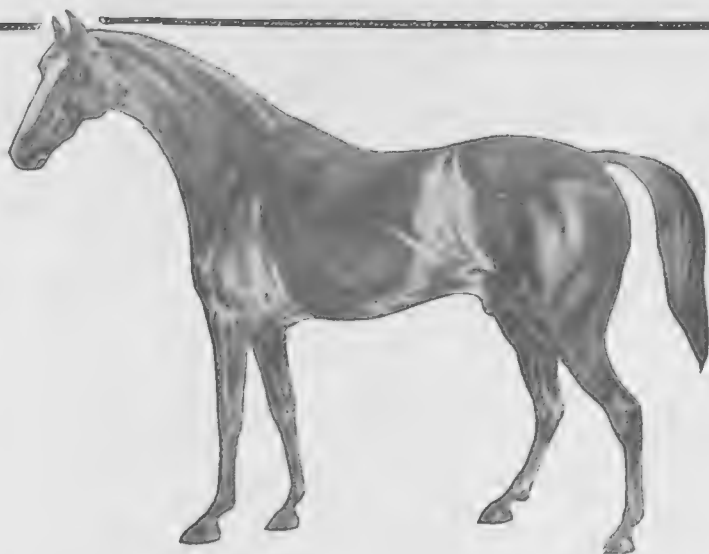
"Traxon is dead," cried Conrad. "And yet he has killed us too."

A shrapnel burst above the big British 'plane, and Conrad saw the flash of it through what should have been the solid body of the silent machine.

The Gotha began to turn over. It was doomed.

Traxon was dead; but the N.N.W. patrol had not been pierced.

THE END.



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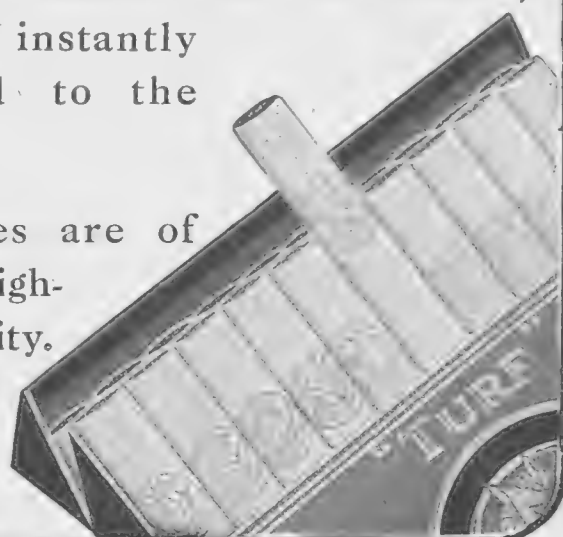
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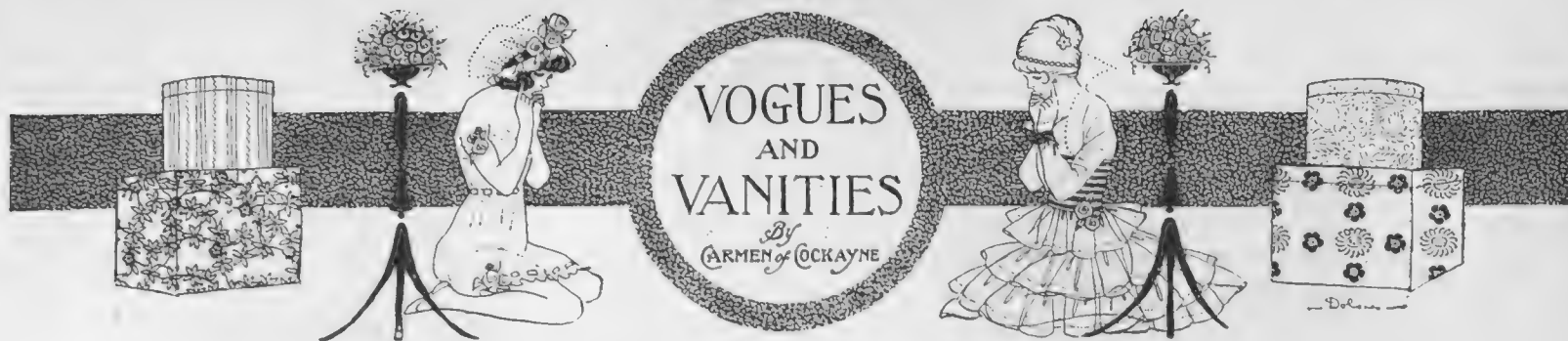
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How She Does It. Wastefulness is said to be one of Eve's besetting sins. Isn't she still being besought and implored to spend nothing on clothes and reduce her household expenses—even though, owing to the war, prices are rising every day? It's all very well for the preachers to let loose floods of oratory, and it's always satisfactory to point others along the path of virtue; but what so many people are apt to overlook is that woman is, on her own initiative and without any stimulus from outside, managing in many directions to do very well on remarkably little. Take the "undies" of the moment—the lovely nothings that are something more as well as something less than a mere covering for the female form divine. No one could accuse them of being extravagant with material. The wonder is that things so fragile should be called upon to fulfil the responsible duties that fall to their lot—and, what is more, perform them with such conspicuous success. Knickers have risen to the occasion in the most wonderful way, the chemise has sacrificed almost everything except beauty on the altar of war necessity, the cache-corset is a ghost of its former comparatively substantial self. The force of economy could no further go unless—but there's no use anticipating calamities.



Fortunately, the burden of beauty is light, otherwise the flowers and ribbon would hardly be equal to the task of supporting it.

Some ribbon and a flower or two add their weight to chiffon of any colour you like.

Be Prepared. Meantime, it is interesting to know that recent Hunnish attentions have had a stimulating effect on the faculties of the people who earn the gratitude of war-jaded women by providing them with the kind of *dessous* that helps to make life more bearable. Talking of raid scares, moon or no moon, there is no knowing, say the experts, when the policeman's whistle won't rouse you from comfortable slumber to face the publicity of the lowest cellar in whatever you happen to have on. Common prudence suggests the wisdom of making preparations to meet such a contingency becomingly clad; experience whispers that Mme. Venn, of 14 and 15, Conduit Street, W., knows better than most people the kind of garb in which one would least mind being seen.

One Way of Doing It. There's virtue, as we all know, in the nightie that wears the white flower of blameless lawn or linen from start to finish. But there is a great deal to be said for the kind that takes a more highly coloured view of life. Variety is the salt of lingerie as well as the salt of existence, and nothing, unless it were its extreme attractiveness, could be urged against the *robe de nuit* Dolores shows on this page, whose simple cross-over top—innocent

of sleeves, since we must save wherever possible—serves as the peg for a gathered skirt of georgette, with a connecting link, in the form of lace-insertion threaded with bébé ribbon in different shades.

Details as to the particular colour-scheme to be adopted are best left to the discretion of the wearer or the maker, but experience shows that pink and mauve or pink and black are effective and becoming; and there's nothing to prevent and everything to recommend the inclusion of knots of coloured ribbon or a posy of the emphatic type in whatever combination is decided upon. Emphasis is everything these days, which is why a black robe of crêpe-de-Chine, besides being hemmed and outlined with a design worked in cherry-coloured silk, has the same cheery motifs to hold the sash-girdle at the waist.

Concerning Undies.

But it is not only the nightdress that takes a new and attractive view of life. A petalled chemise of pink georgette is a pointed instance of departure from precedent, and completes the good work begun by a yoke of fine Brussels net, on to which it is stitched with palest mauve silk. The knickers match, and, for all their lack of stature, do the work of a petticoat in addition to their own. Though it's "up" to each woman to choose her favourite colours, the feeling for the moment inclines to the paler of sweet-pea shades. Besides being pretty to look at, they act as a sedative to war-worn nerves. There is, however, no reason for monotony. Mounting frills of black lace, each headed by a different coloured ribbon, are conducive to a delightfully frivolous appearance when they flutter from pantaloons half of pale-blue and half of white georgette, or crêpe-de-Chine or ninon; and the vogue for yellow, which at present dominates the underworld of dress, lends itself to an enormous variety of treatment, one method, having the initials of the wearer in satin flowers with silver-cord accompaniments, being here illustrated.



The man's comment, "Mon Dieu! et Mon Droit!"



Could any Dress Controller, if there were one, make a little do more?

Pyjama Topics. Now that bifurcated garments are no longer the symbol of impropriety and the accepted hall-mark of a disposition vaguely defined as "not quite nice," the pyjama suit shares the honours at one time accorded only to the "nightie." Of beauty it has little to learn. The feminine passion for frills will out, even in a trouser, so a suit of pale-blue has three lemon-coloured ones, headed respectively with pink, black, and sea-green ribbon, and the high-waisted little jacket and elbow sleeves repeat the performance.

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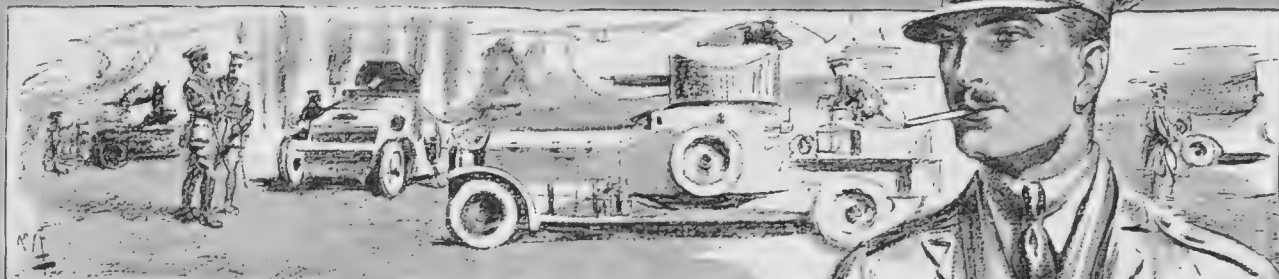


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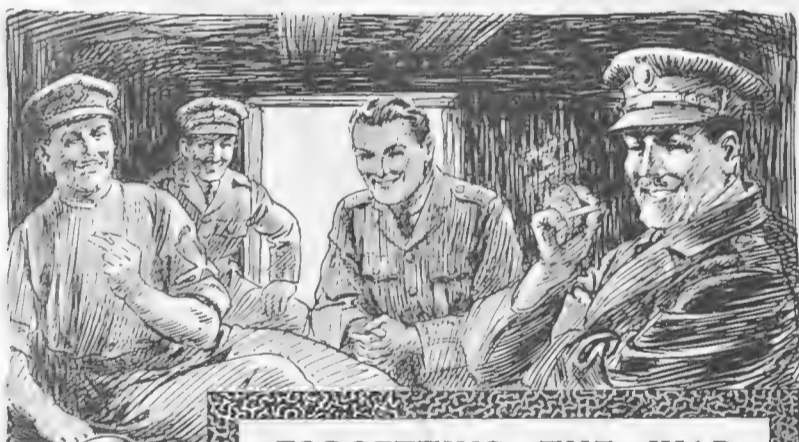
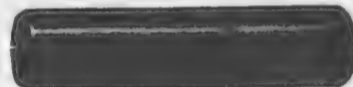
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Yours faithfully,
—M.D., L.R.C.P.

(The signed original of this letter and hundreds of others can be seen at the address below.)

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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN



Capes Have Come. Capes and skirts are newer and more in favour than coats and skirts, albeit these latter will never really leave us. The capes are of the same material as the skirt, the side-pleats form sleeves, and there is, of course, the inevitable high collar. I saw one the other day, made of Eurgundy-coloured cloth, on a tall, fair woman. Round the skirt-hem and cape was a narrow band of beaver fur, from which rays of Wedgwood grey and blue embroidery sprang irregularly. The cape was lined with Wedgwood blue, and the collar—a very natty one—showed some embroidery and a bit of lining. If a whole cape is not worn, little capes over the shoulders and cape-like over-sleeves are frequently indulged in, just to keep in the vogue, which is for capes. They go very well with the new long, tight sleeves, and the slimmer silhouette.

Not All You Want in War Time. He was an extremely irate old gentleman, becoming more and more choleric because no one would take him seriously. He had tipped a porter to instal him in the most comfortable corner-seat of a first-class carriage. He took out a lunch-bag and his paper—but, alas! the carriage filled, and over-filled, in spite of his energetic representations that there was room elsewhere. He had no space in which to eat his lunch or to read his paper, and when he called the guard, that official was sympathetic but powerless. Some Tommies, who had jumped in as the train was starting, told the old gentleman he would be all right—they had found that it took longer to starve you than you thought! The poor old boy had to resign himself, as so many others have to do, to the fact that position and money cannot get you all you want in war time!



OF THE DIRECTOIRE
PERSUASION.

This model suggests the Directoire style. The coat is cut much shorter in front than the back, which is edged with black fox. The capes and the front panel are trimmed with black ball-fringe.

Out of the Common Rut. We will not have standard dress—not even if the war goes on for another ten years. If all my sex were put into standard dress in the morning, by the afternoon some of them would have lifted their costumes out of the common rut, by the evening standardisation would have disappeared. It would be as impossible as to keep equal in case of reducing the population to the half-crown each which would, I have been told, be available in case of share-and-share-alike division of wealth. Next day many half-crowns would have been lost and won, invested or spent, according to the bent of the possessors. Women are quite as varied as to taste and talent in dressing themselves as humanity generally is varied in character. Has anyone ever noticed how two women may wear a precisely similar costume—one looks like a Princess, the other like the housemaid over-dressed for a holiday!

Get Them Now. The only thing to be said about boots is "Get them now." Leather becomes more and more difficult to procure; no dependence can be placed on optimistic prophecies as to when the war will end; when it does, economic troubles will

not end with it. Now Lotus boots and shoes are sold at all the appointed shops in London and the country at prices previous to the rise on Aug. 3, provided that the foot-gear required was made previously to the rise, in which cases prices are branded on the soles. For civilians, boots and shoes (both brown and black) are sold without restrictions; but military boots have to be reserved for fighting men only, under strict Government orders. Those of us who are afraid of coming standardisation of boots should be early in the field, and lay in a stock of Lotus. They are not things that are hurt by being kept—quite the contrary; therefore, those who want to have dry, comfortable, well-fitted feet through the winter should buy, buy, buy, and be sure it is Lotus.

Long Evenings, Smart Dresses.

Now is the time that we be-think ourselves of evening frocks, for the hours of the evenings are long. No longer do we rush in from tennis, or our day's work, or possibly half-a-day's work, and get hurriedly into a frock in which we can go out again if we will. The line is now tight and definable; at 5.30 p.m. we say good-bye to day and face a long evening indoors. I notice that most people like to be in by six o'clock. The remaining hours are therefore quite worth making a toilette for, and I observe that black remains favourite wear, especially brightened with a great deal of jet. I also notice, when I visit Marshall and Snelgrove's, that the silhouette is slight again, and draperies designed to give length of line. Dark-brown, with bronze and dead-gold embroideries, makes a delightful dinner dress; and there is a soft shade of green (which looks lovely by artificial light) that makes a desirable evening gown in chiffon and green-and-black broid-eries.

Husbands and Wives.

Is a wife worth £25 rebate in income when the present big tax has to be paid? It seems a modest amount to take her expenses at. Even a mechanic's wife must cost him more; she wants clothes, fares, reasonable amusement, and food. On the other side of the account, she is supposed to save him a lot, so I suppose it does pan out about that figure. The rebate will hardly tempt a man to marry, but will be an asset in favour of his following an inclination to that end. There has been a considerable amount of chaffing about it, but many a married man whose income tax is just in the payable category, or quite near it, was very pleased—especially those whom the rebate for the wife will keep below the payable rate. Is there any similar rebate for wives who maintain their husbands, I wonder? There are several thousands who do so, and the appreciation of similar sauce for the goose and for the gander continues to grow.



THE COMFORT OF THE NEW
SCARF-COLLAR.

An outdoor frock of French blue velours owes its cosiness to the new scarf-collar. This one is edged and has large buttons of chinchilla fur.

A WINTER COSTUME WITH A FUR WAISTCOAT.

A costume of autumn-brown cloth showing the new fur waistcoat and deep waistbelt. The cape and skirt are trimmed with padded embroidery.

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Yours gratefully,—

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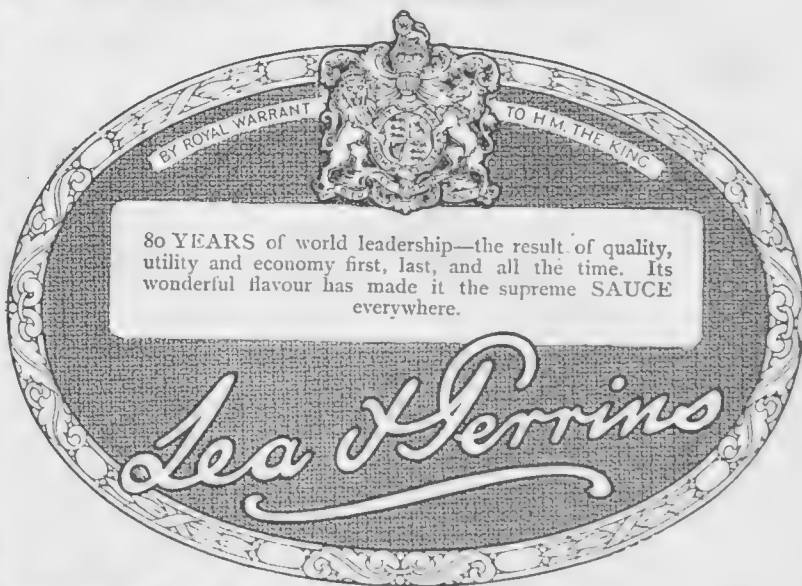
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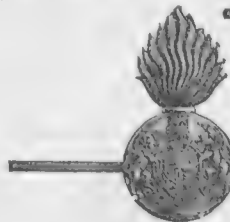
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The Shropshire Light Infantry.

WOMAN'S WAYS

SOCIETY GOSSIP

"Bread and Circuses."

The course of the war has clearly proved that people may do without bread, but they cannot do without circuses. The ideal of the Roman Emperors was to supply the Plebs with both; to-day bread is so scarce and so indifferent that, in enemy countries at any rate, they cling to their amusements rather than dwell on the pinch in food.



MARRIED ON OCT. 13:
MISS D. LEWIS (MRS. J.
BARNATO).

Miss Lewis, whose marriage was arranged to take place last week, is the daughter of Mr. J. Lewis, of South Africa. Lieutenant J. Barnato, R.N.A.S., is the son of the late Mr. Barney Barnato, and has been mentioned in despatches for services in Gallipoli.

Photograph by Cecil.

his loves. They have not, like ourselves, that Theocritan attitude towards radiant spring days, beflowered meadows, frisking lambs, and piping shepherds. These subjects are essentially Greek, Latin, and English. Your Boche, on the contrary, rather likes the *macabre*—witness the "Buch der Lieder" of Heinrich Heine, with its skeletons walking by night; the "Tales of Hoffmann"; and the evil and elfish *Spielmann* who figures so largely in German legend. But for future Teutons the moon will have lost its amorous significance; they will for ever associate it with the aeroplane and its deadly load. A beautiful moonlight night, for them, means the certitude of killing a few poor folk in mean streets in England. The gentleman who wrote the priceless "Hymn of Hate" must inaugurate this new poetry, for it is clear that murder will be more closely associated with moonlight among the Boches than amorous philandering by the pale rays of the dead planet.

The Great Secret. Never, I think, has Youth been so dear to us as in these years of sorrow and sacrifice. Boys and girls alike—for many girls are in as much danger as boys nowadays—have, to many of us, the air of votive offerings to some unknown and inexorable god. They move about gaily enough, and go off from Victoria Station into the firing line or into the hospitals, but it is as if they were in possession of some wonderful secret which made their passing away, their disappearance for ever from our ken, of little moment. Yet they never pose—never assume that they are doing anything that is not pleasant or quite inevitable. To keep smiling is their religion; and, indeed, the future of the world is in their hands—and I think they know it. Assuredly the young have "hitched their wagon to a star," and in this high adventure they find peace of mind and happiness, such as years of idleness and ostentation would never have brought them. Those who come out of the furnace of war will never sit down to mourn uselessly. For they are in possession of the Great Secret.

The Viennese, like the modern Londoner, is devoted to the theatre: one hears strange tales of the incessant quest for amusement in Austria, while waiting for the ardently desired peace. As long as the Teutonic peoples are kept from being depressed, they will go without meat, sugar, butter, eggs, and even *Leberwurst*. But in Berlin the shortage of coal and light has caused its famous night life to cease, and this winter will find the inhabitants of the Fatherland very cold and very miserable. As long as you can feed a population, and make them gay with beer and "spectacles," things may go ill in the field without their suspecting it. In short, we now recognise "amusement" as one of the essential factors in war—quite as useful as irradication and as indispensable as munitions. The psychology of victory is at last understood.

The Moon and the Boche.

Most of the German poets deal extensively with nightingales and moonlight, the Teuton, curiously enough, being a highly sentimental person—at any rate about himself and

poets deal extensively with nightingales and moonlight, the Teuton, curiously enough, being a highly sentimental person—at any rate about himself and



A NEW PORTRAIT: LADY BELPER.

We have pleasure in giving a new and beautiful portrait of Lady Belper, wife of the third Baron, to whom she was married in 1911. Before her marriage she was the Hon. Eva Isabel Marian Bruce, daughter of the second Baron Aberdare. Lady Belper has two little sons, and one daughter, the Hon. Lavinia Mary Strutt, born last year.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Keeping On!

Lord Leconfield's gift of his lordly house in Chesterfield Gardens, which has just been opened as a club for officers of the American Army and Navy, is not by any means his first effort in the direction of war work of a social character. A couple of years ago he and Lady Leconfield entertained relays of officers, home on leave from the trenches, at Cockermouth Castle, where his guests exchanged the business of shooting Germans for the far more pleasant one of shooting birds on the famous Skiddaw and Caldbeck Moors. The same hospitable idea lies at the root of Lord Leconfield's latest contribution to the Allied cause. The little bit of America in London is intended to serve also as the open door leading to not a few of the most interesting country homes in England. It won't be the fault of the club officials if officers from the States don't see English life in its best and most attractive aspect during their stay in this country.



MARRIED TO MAJOR RICHARD E. PARSONS: MISS HESTER K. DRUMMOND (MRS. RICHARD PARSONS).

Miss Drummond (Mrs. Parsons) is the youngest daughter of Major John Drummond, late Scots Guards, and now of Coutts' Bank, and of Mrs. John Drummond. Major Parsons, R.E., is the fifth son of the Hon. Richard Clere Parsons and Mrs. Parsons, of Prince's Gardens, S.W. The marriage took place on Oct. 11.

Portraits of All Sorts. The absence of McEvoy's would in itself lend a certain interest to any exhibition of fashionable portraits. That, however, is far from saying that the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' Show at the Grafton Galleries is lacking in artistic merit, though few, if any, of the pictures can truthfully be called stimulating, and most of them convey the impression that artists are returning to the old-fashioned style of portraiture. However, eight hundred enthusiasts duly turned up at the private view to criticise the Shannons—there are several Shannons—the Eves, and the Rankens that line the walls.

Fair, but Frail. I wonder how many people understood the reference of Sir Cyprian Bridge, apropos of the German naval mutiny, to the Bavarian revolution and Lola Montez. Yet Lola Montez was in her time the talk of two Continents. An American by birth—I believe she was "raised" in California—she was one of the most beautiful women of her time, and, as favourite of the then Bavarian King, had a great deal to do with provoking the rising which eventually left her a refugee in London. In her adversity she managed to keep up her spirits remarkably well, and her soirées in London were attended by all kinds of people—except women in Society. She developed into an ardent Republican, made a marriage the legality of which was questioned, and finally disappeared into the void. I believe she died in poverty in America.

The Kaiser's Discipline.

The Kaiser's alleged anxiety to punish the Wilhelmshaven mutineers by a particularly severe form of decimation reminds me of the story of how he was once knocked down by a naval officer. The affair is said to have taken place during one of the Imperial visits to Norwegian waters. The Kaiser carried his notions of discipline to ridiculous lengths, and, returning unexpectedly to his yacht, was scandalised to see a young officer riding a bicycle round the deck. The All-Highest raged at him in language of the direst insult, and finally dealt the young fellow a violent blow on the face. The next moment the Emperor was lying flat on the deck, and two hours later a solemn conference took place as to the fate of the person who had dared to lay hands on the Lord's anointed. It was decided, so the story runs, that he should ride his bicycle over a cliff into the fiord, and the due carrying-out of the sentence was watched by the War Lord and his Staff.



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"Personally, I pin my faith on 'Springwell.' I find it answers all the requirements of a table water; and fortunately it is obtainable at practically all West End Clubs and restaurants."

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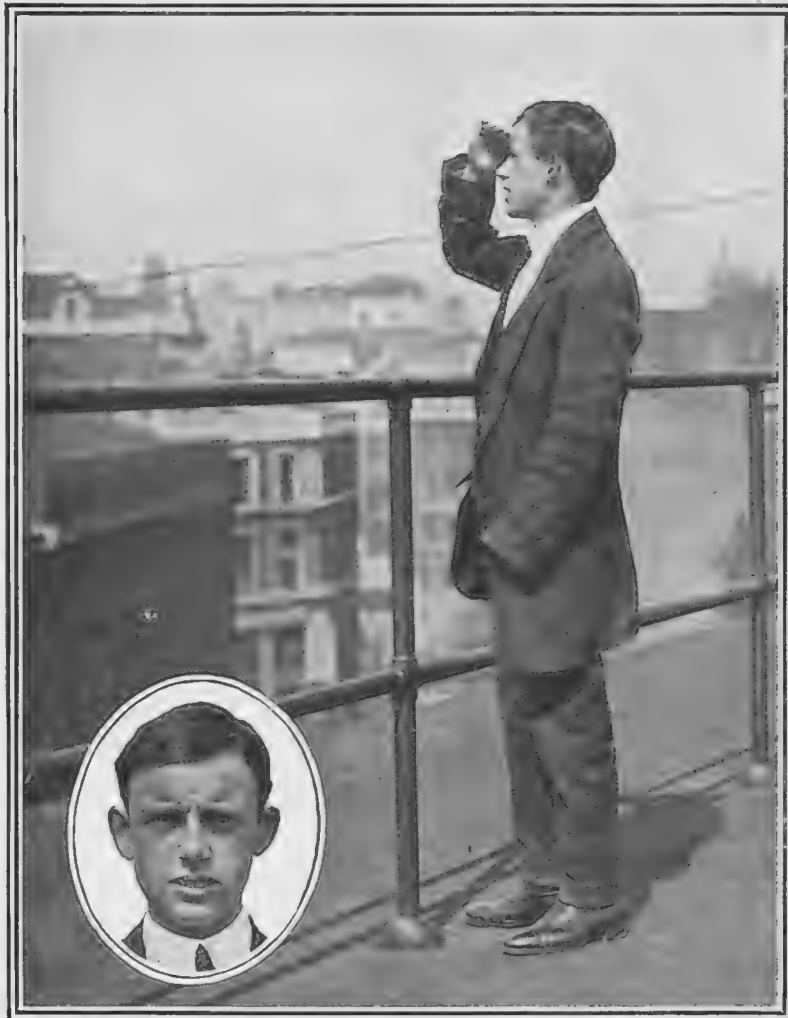
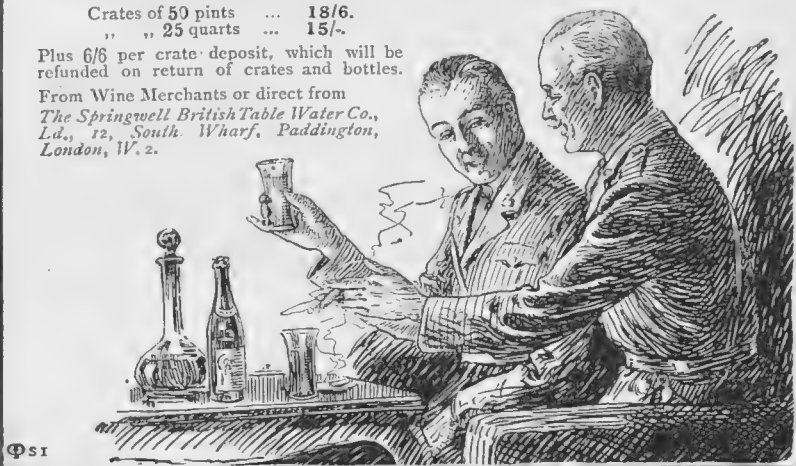
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PRIVATE L. CARTER,
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British Expeditionary Force.

Since Sept. 30, 1915, I have been in various small scraps until the big Push started. In the first day I was knocked out—in July last year—my fingers were smashed and I was sent as a stretcher case home to England. I was in Hospital nearly six months where I had five operations, finally having to have the left fore-arm amputated. Of course I suffered from Shell-shock. I was discharged from hospital after this and from the Army on January 5th of this year. Entering civilian life again, I still felt very seedy with my nerves till another discharged soldier recommended me to try Phosferine. I felt better directly I started to take it, and now I never do without it. My job at present is a "look-out man" for aircraft on top of a big building, and, even when the aircraft are overhead, I find I can keep my head and my nerves under control. My whole health has improved in every way, and I thought you would like to know about it.

This battle-broken soldier believes that Phosferine *alone* enabled his system to overcome the loss of vitality caused by the nerve shock of shell fire, and the amputation of his arm. Phosferine so speedily restored the action of all the arrested nerve functions, that the re-established vital forces can now naturally ward off, and prevent, the ill effects of nerve strain and shock.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see you get

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The 2/9 tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

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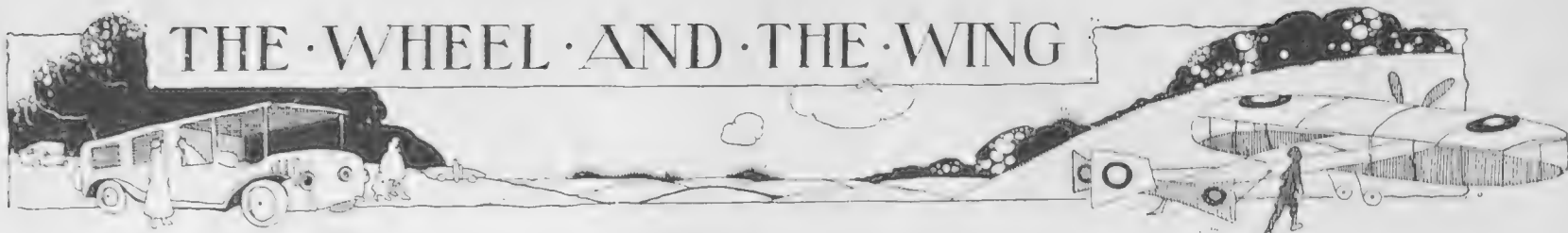
Have you ever come home late—after all the shops are shut—and found "next to nothing" for supper? What would you not give then for a tin of delicious "Skippers"? It would be wise to get two or three tins of "Skippers" for such emergencies.

"Skippers" keep in perfect condition indefinitely. Everyone likes them, everyone can digest them. There is always a meal for the whole family if there are "Skippers" in the cupboard.

Skippers

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Keep smiling!
There's always
'Skippers.'



THE PERPETUAL PETROL PROBLEM: COAL-GAS AND ITS QUALITIES: RAIDS.

The Petrol Situation.

At last there is a real petrol shortage. The Board of Trade figures, ever since petrol was controlled in August 1915, have shown steady increases instead of decreases in the imports until just recently, and it was obvious that the object of the restrictions was to ensure the building-up of a big reserve. Now the imports have fallen off in a surprising way, and the cause is believed to be due to a dog-in-the-manger attitude on the part of one particular company, in respect of negotiations that have been going on between the Government and the importers. As a consequence, Professor John Cadman, the Director of the Petroleum Executive, has laid stress upon "the duty of every citizen of the State, whether he is in the service of the Crown or engaged as a civilian in performing duties of national importance, to economise to the last drop." As there are still many people who continue to believe that private motorists have unlimited access to petrol supplies and indulge in "joy rides" galore, they may usefully be invited to study the terms of the Director's injunction, and once more be asked to realise that private motorists have no petrol-cards, and that even their unexpired allowances have been withdrawn, in the face of official promises to the contrary. That some amount of waste goes on, however, even now in Army and Navy circles is incontestable, and more stringent measures than heretofore are being taken with a view to its suppression.

A Slight Reduction.

Meanwhile, the recent appalling advance of 8½d. per gallon in the wholesale price of petrol has now been reduced by 2½d. per gallon. No thanks are due, however, to the Petrol Pool Board in this connection; the relief, such as it is, is brought about solely from the fact that the Government has seen fit to reduce the insurance charges from 9 per cent. to 7 per cent. per voyage. Before the 9 per cent. scale came into operation in August last, the insurance charge was 2 per cent., and the Pool Board put 8½d. per gallon on their wholesale prices accordingly. As was clearly shown at the time, however, by the *Autocar*, an increase of such magnitude was quite unjustifiable, for whereas the increase in insurance on a tanker amounted to £26,740 for a double voyage, the importers would receive £61,093 15s. extra for their cargo at the increased price of 8½d. per gallon. They have now simply reduced the charge by the amount of the reduction in insurance rates, and, where the customer is concerned, there still remains an excessive disparity between the advance in price and the Government advance in the insurance. Of course, the advance in price does not relate to existing contracts; but, even when that allowance is made, the present extra 6d. per gallon is excessive.

More About Coal-Gas.

The agitation in favour of the employment of coal-gas for motor-cars has received a fillip from the announcement that the Ministry of Munitions does not regard coal-gas as coming within the category of a petrol substitute. So long as the Home Office does not raise any objections to its unrestricted use, there can be no room for official opposition; and, indeed, the Ministry of Munitions would be only too glad to see all the coal in the country converted into gas, in order to increase the supply of by-products which are essential for munitions. On the question of the suitability of coal-gas for internal-combustion engines, I am assured by an expert that there is nothing to fear in the way of deterioration, or even of carbonisation, which is more excessive than ever with the present quality of motor-spirit. As a matter of fact, the coal-gas now obtainable is better for engine purposes than before the war, as the elements that are removed for munition purposes are those most likely to injure the interior of the motor. The chief difficulty in the way of popularising coal-gas among car-owners is the impossibility of providing sufficient cylinders to go round. No one will use big gas-bags or canopies unless obliged; but there are not many cylinders in existence at the present moment, and the prospect of obtaining more, while there is a shortage of steel, is decidedly remote. Until means can be found, however, for carrying gas in a compressed form, the obstacles in the way of development are serious, for 250 cubic feet of gas are required to equal a single gallon of petrol, and it is not every car that can carry a container which will hold even that amount.



SURELY UNIQUE: MAKING AN APPOINTMENT WITH A DENTIST FROM AN AEROPLANE — READING THE DROPPED MESSAGE ON A STREAMER.

At a camp on the Western Front quite recently an aeroplane message-indicator streamer fell outside the camp dentist's door. It ran: "Dear Captain,—I was very sorry not to be able to get away on Wednesday, but had to aviate. May come this evening on spec. at 3.30 p.m.—Yours sincerely, ———, 2nd Lt., R.F.C."

Canadian War Records.

Air-Raid Intentions.

Londoners particularly will wait with interest (to put it mildly) the effect of the Government's promise to visit the Germans with "reprisals." By this I mean the effect upon the previous intentions of the Huns themselves. It may be that they will simmer down to some extent, in order not to stiffen the Government's resolution; and, by discontinuing the raids, indulge the hope that, after all, we may not decide to retaliate on German towns. When the moon comes round to the full again, a week or so hence, we shall know better than now whether Hun plans have been modified or not. Meanwhile, I may state that the story goes that at Friedrichshafen, in the old Zeppelin sheds, the Huns laid down one thousand Gothas for the sole object of raiding London, and their aim was to send them over in formation, a hundred at a time, and drop 200 tons a night on London for a whole month. By this means they hoped, it is said, to drive the seat of Government to Bristol or some other western city. The rumour is current, true or not.



RECRUITING FOR THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE U.S.: ON A ROUND BY MOTOR-CAR IN YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

General W. S. White, head of British recruiting in the U.S., is on the rear seat (right), with Colonel C. B. Murray beside him, and on the front seat, Lieutenant White, son of the General.

Official Photograph.



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Nestors are made in Cairo of selected Turkish leaf. For thirty-five years the choice of those whose judgment counts.

SOME POPULAR SIZES:

SURFINE.
10, 1/-; 20, 2/-; 25, 2/6; 50, 5/-; 100, 9/11.
EXCELSIOR (MILDER)
10, 10½d.; 25, 2/1; 50, 4/-; 100, 8/-.
LADIES' CIGARETTES (GOLD TIP):
'Queen' 25, 3/5; 100, 13/-.
'Setos Amber,' (Oriental) perfumed)
10, 1/10; 20, 3/8; 50, 9/-; 100, 17/9.

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Invaluable for all brown footwear, leggings, belts, etc.
An Officer writes:—"You will be pleased to learn that your 'Lutetian Cream' made an R.T.O. a shining light on _____ station. I could not resist the temptation of asking him what polish he used, and the above name was given me."

Lutetian Cream

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is best for black. If you have any difficulty in obtaining, send for nearest retailer's address to

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A REAL HOLIDAY; FASCINATIONS OF LAPLAND.

"Through Lapland With Skis and Reindeer."

Do you want a little change? Try Lapland. Anyhow, Mr. Hedges Butler, who has written this curiously interesting guide to Lapland (T. Fisher Unwin), declares that presently you will, because Lapland will be the *chic* place for self-respecting

people to go to. Give him, he says, Monte Carlo for society, dust, and wind, and sometimes cold; Cairo for heat; British East Africa for big-game shooting; and Lapland for a real health-giving holiday. You leave London in March, and, once arrived, you clothe yourself in a most fascinating rig of reindeer—white reindeer, my dear, a jumper and shoes of white reindeer adorably embroidered in blue, yellow, and red—and you then take a reindeer as you'd take a taxi. When you are bored with the reindeer you ski. You must really read about it all yourself. You won't be able to resist that vision of the dear reindeer making his dinner, his invariable



A POPULAR ACTRESS RECENTLY MARRIED TO AN AIRMAN: MISS DORIS STOCKER, NOW THE WIFE OF CAPTAIN H. O. D. SEGRAVE, R.F.C.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

dinner, off moss, which is buried so deep in snow that nothing of him is visible as he eats but two hind-legs. And those winter nights and days of moonlight, when the Lap does his serious jobs of the year! The war over, 1918 should see a rush

for Lapland. Rising—well, *early*—we shall begin our exhilarating day with a breakfast which is a dinner—little trifles of reindeer blood and marrow-bones with the coffee. We shall then put on our bonnet and shawls with nice physical adjustment. The way we shall line our fascinating shoes with dry, warm hay is an art we shall cultivate; if it seems like being a cold snap for Lapland, we shall even add a fur veil. Thus clad, we shall emerge from top to toe so disguised that the noble beast of whom our insides are full and our outsides wholly furnished must himself count our legs, their number being our one distinction from a brother and a reindeer. The possibilities of the splendid, exhilarating day that follows you must turn up Mr. Hedges Butler's work to imagine. And the nights, when, warm with reindeer soup and reindeer e. trées and reindeer joint, the happy traveller watches the stars sleepily through the ceiling of his tent! Myself last night, I clicked off the switch and pulled up the eidy, having closed the record of this strange playground, determined some night to curl round in my reindeer-bag on a bed of Lapland twigs spread over the snow—a new experience, quite!



AN ARISTOCRATIC FANNY HAWTHORNE: MISS COLETTE O'NIEL, NOW TO BE SEEN IN A FILM VERSION OF "HINDLE WAKES."

"Colette O'Neil" is the stage-name of Lady Constance Malleon (née Annesley), daughter of Priscilla Countess Annesley, and wife of Mr. W. Miles Malleon. She played Phrynette in "L'Enfant Prodigue," at the Kingsway, and has since been seen at the Haymarket.

Photograph by Yevonde.

Keep on sending me OXO

The reviving, strength-giving power of OXO has received remarkable endorsement from officers and men during the War.

OXO exactly meets their needs. It aids and increases nutrition and stimulates and builds up strength to resist climatic changes; it is invaluable for all who have to undergo exertion either to promote fitness or to recuperate after fatigue.

OXO is made in a moment, and with bread or biscuits sustains for hours.

A Captain in the R.A.M.C. writes to his father:

"I can buy most things here except cigarettes, OXO and soups. If you could send me OXO occasionally it would be very useful, and would be a great comfort to some of my fellows in hospital and expedite recovery."

Oxo in Mesopotamia.

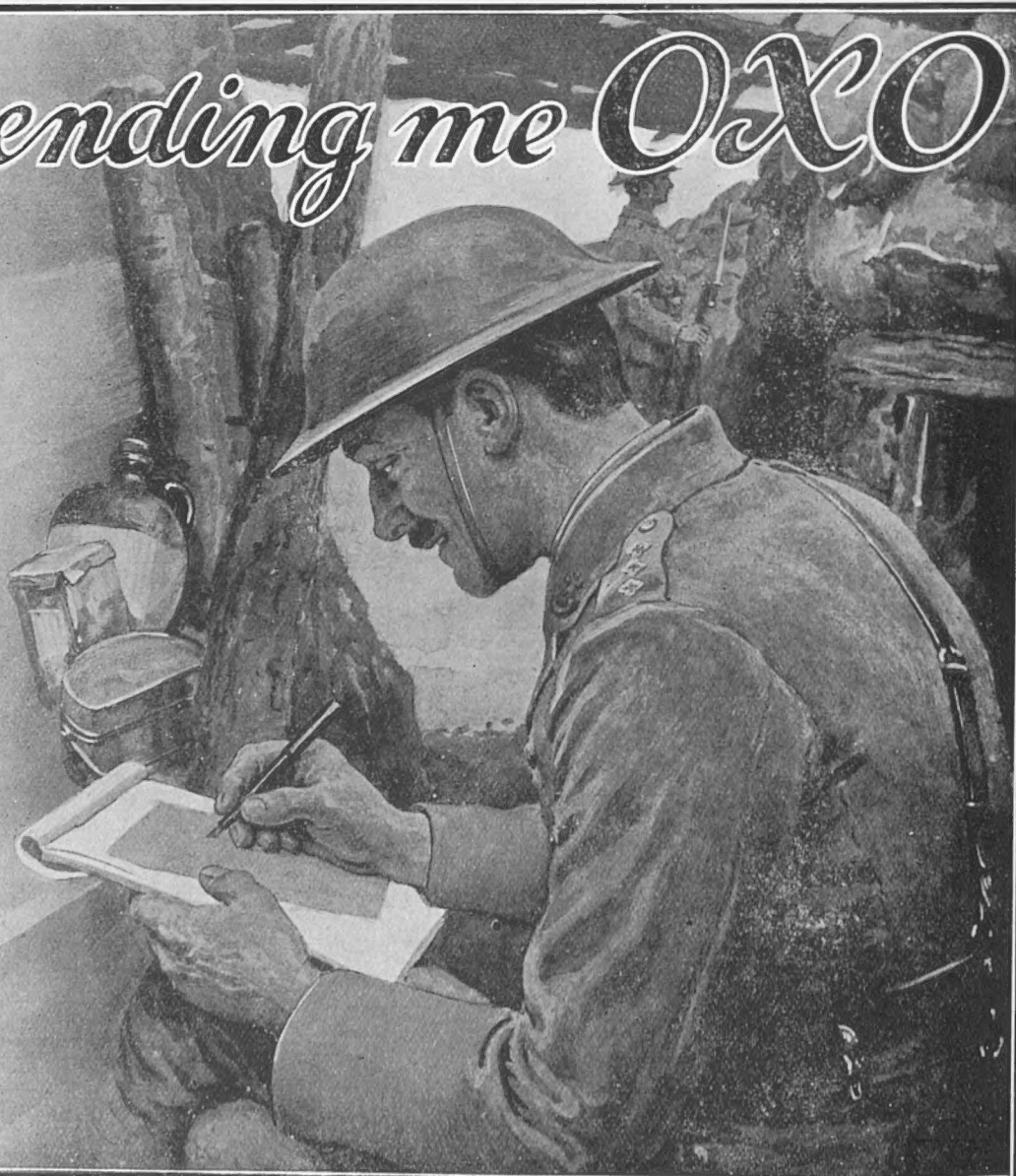
"It was with some doubt and misgiving that I sent some OXO to my son in Mesopotamia,

feeling it might not reach him in good condition; but he writes home to us that he uses OXO to fortify the soup they have, and asks for more to be sent each week, as OXO is very sustaining and helpful to buck one up in such a trying climate."

From a Mine-sweeper:

"OXO has kept warmth in us all these perishing nights. There was a terrific rush on it as soon as our chaps found out it was aboard. I can tell you it has proved one of the best gifts we have received."

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

IN "The Saving Grace," presented at the Garrick Theatre, Mr. Haddon Chambers has written a comedy which, whilst it touches upon present circumstances, is not exactly a war play, but an agreeable combination of humour and sentiment, containing some skilfully drawn acting parts. Its basis is one of the minor tragedies of the war—brought at the end to a happy conclusion. Blinn Corbett, a real sportsman, wants to join his old regiment and go to the front when war breaks out, but there is an obstacle. He had left the Army because he had eloped with his colonel's ill-treated wife, and afterwards married her. How is he to get back?—that is the playwright's problem, which, after all, is less important than his treatment of his characters. And if you wish to know the solution—go to the Garrick, and spend a pleasant evening. You will see an admirably drawn picture of Blinn, the happy-go-lucky, good-natured, rather thick-headed creature, not very nicely scrupulous when he is hard-pushed for money—perhaps unaware that his conduct would not bear close scrutiny. The character suits the method of Mr. Charles Hawtrey perfectly, and he plays it with an ease and certainty, with an unforced humour and judicious note of pathos deserving very high praise. Miss Mary Jerrold represents the wife, a dear, simple, quaint person, whom she renders entirely lovable by a performance worthy to rank with her acting in "Disraeli." One might be content if the rest of the company were merely a competent support; however, they are far better than that. There is Miss Ellis Jeffreys, inimitable as a witty woman of the world. Miss Emily Brooke—new, I think, to

London—delighted the house in an *ingénue* part by her charm and skill. Mr. Noel Coward acted very well as a kind of light *jeune premier*, and Miss May Blaney and Mr. A. E. George gave life to the other characters—a humorously drawn pair of servants. A really clever, amusing comedy, brilliantly acted.

The new play at the Kingsway has a somewhat Transatlantic flavour, though its characters are British, and London is the venue. For, in "One Hour of Life," Captain Desmond Coke has borrowed to some extent the methods of several American playwrights, and his daring compound of farce and melodrama "spoofs" the audience boldly. Apparently we like to be "spoofed," so the story of the bold burglar, the beautiful lady, and the unappreciated husband may serve very well, and no one will care whether the character of Victor Keitley, a sort of Robin Hood up to date, is quite consistent or not. Robin Hood, for although Victor was a genuine burglar, he shared the spoil with the poor, in accordance with precedent. You must not expect a cold-blooded critic to give an account of the adventures of Lady Fenton when arrested by Victor in Soho and carried off to the den: they are rather too dazzling for my pedestrian pen. Adventure is piled on adventure—I spare you the orthodox simile—situation on situation, and there is plenty of wild romantic talk in which your notions of right and wrong are assailed violently. And there was much applause. The lady with Socialistic ideas and an incongruous husband was dashing played with real fire by Miss Lillah McCarthy, and Mr. Cowley Wright

acted skilfully and with much intensity as the crook; Mr. Stephen T. Ewart's performance as the husband was meritorious, whilst there was clever work by Miss Joyce Carey.



IN "THE LITTLE MINISTER," ON TOUR: MISS EVELYN ORMONDE; AND MR. FREDERICK BRUCE.

Miss Ormonde has built up a reputation in London and in the provinces in a very short time. Amongst other parts, she has played Julie in "The Little Damsel"; Miss Irene Vanbrugh's part in "The Land of Promise"; Lavender; and Bunt.

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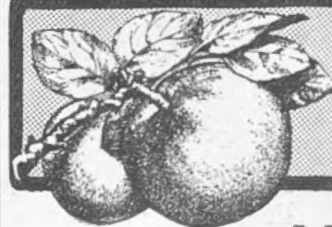
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The delicious Bird's Custard adds to the juicy apple the body-building, heat-giving and energy-making food necessary for sustenance.

"Apples for health and Bird's Custard for body-building" is a motto easy to remember and contains a world of wisdom during these autumn weeks. No dish more delicious.

Stewed or baked apples need no sugar if served with

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